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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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FOR A CITY BEAUTIFUL

THEY who plan to beautify Los Angeles are their real advertisers. The world is now well informed as to Southern California's climate and the possibilities of her soil. Enough people come to Los Angeles every year from the east, but not enough of them remain here. Two things repel the visitor and possible locator: "Unemployed men and women and cheap and tawdry looking thoroughfares. This city should be the Paris of America—yet not a Paris, but a city unique and as characteristically beautiful as is Paris. One Paris in the world is enough. Let Los Angeles develop her own peculiar and delightful characteristics. The objects of human life are, let us say, enjoyment and growth. Crowds will come where it is pleasant to come, and people will dwell where surroundings are most conducive to the two main objects of life. A broad-gauge, beautiful city, wherein personal liberty is not subservient to the artificial "moral" restrictions of sectarian bigotry, and where art and educational advantages are sufficiently attractive, other things being equal, has no need for jimcrow advertising, and where conditions are not favorable advertising of any kind is in vain.

Jimcrow advertising will sell physic and whooping-cough medicine, but it will not populate cities. Right conditions are the magnets that serve to draw great population centers. Naturally, Los Angeles has the habitable world beaten to a frazzle on conditions, but idle workmen, repellent streets, city regulations that seek to subvert natural laws, sectarian restrictions on personal liberties, deter population and confine city growth merely to commercial necessity. Even at that, Los Angeles is bound to grow rapidly for many years yet, for the trend of population is this way, but we might help that trend much. If Los Angeles were the most beautiful city in the world, which she might easily be in half a dozen years,

merely by taking full advantage of her natural advantages, the world and its neighbor would flock here in unprecedented crowds.

Massive buildings are not an essential to beauty. Other cities have these. Not in a hundred years can we compete with any of the older cities in the particulars that have made them great and populous. In one thing alone is Los Angeles supremely unique—her possibilities for outdoor life. Suppose these were developed to their utmost, and Los Angeles were to become world-famous for her amusement gardens, her educational gardens, her open-air theaters and lecture halls and banquet bowers? The imagination runs riot at the bare possibilities involved in such a program.

Take that municipal eyesore, the disreputable-looking riverbed, with its crumbling banks, its sandpit holes, its unkempt approaches! Think of the possibilities for artistic development offered by that jagged scar in the physical body of the city! A stone embankment, a broad walk on either side, brilliantly lighted by electric standards, a big income yielded to the public treasury from a franchise to steam road and surface railways, under restrictions calling for high-class improvements in keeping with the municipal expenditures. This is merely a hint of what might be done to the advancement of the city beautiful. Let us not boast too loudly; we have herculean work before us.

BREAKING HIS LONG FAST

THAT was a long time for Colonel Roosevelt to keep still, from the 8th to the 17th, almost ten days. Reporters journeyed to Oyster Bay and besought him to furnish copy. He remained silent, giving his throat a rest, no doubt. But the colonel doesn't look his best in repose; silence and meditation are not his most engaging pulchritudes. He chafes at inactivity, when there are so many dragons yet to slay. He is volatile, however, and even capable of saying nothing, as the world has seen. It was an heroic spectacle, comparable to nothing that one can imagine, save the almost unthinkable phenomenon of the Sphinx of Egypt turning garrulous after centuries of silence and gossiping out her secrets.

But the colonel does nothing by halves. Mezzochromes and half-tones are not for him. During those nine remarkable days there was not a Roosevelt scare head in all the broad sea of daily journalism—only occasional paragraphs, headed, "Roosevelt Refuses to Talk." On the tenth day he broke his fast, speaking ninety-two words, by actual count, which were flashed over the world at night press rates and on leased wires. Ninety-two words are not many for the doughty colonel in ordinary circumstances, but when a man has fasted for nine days it is inadvisable to go against a full course dinner at the outset. The colonel says but little in these ninety-two words, which surprises no one. There are unkind people who think he does not say much in 92,000 words, but they are mostly "rich malefactors" or "undesirable citizens," and the hoi polloi care nothing for what he says: they just love to hear him talk.

"The fight for progressive popular government has merely begun," were nine of these ninety-two words issued by the colonel. These are not exactly weasel words, but they have a familiar sound. They were uttered by Rienzi once, a long time ago. Mazzini, Savonarola, Robespierre, Cromwell and several others echoed them. When the American rebels (the Socialists and Anarchists of their time) took up the work of overthrowing established iniquities, they were too modest to claim copyright originality for their declaration of independence, which had considerable literary distinction and was more radical than even the Osawatimie speech. The colonel is a little mixed in his dates. "The fight for progressive popular government" can scarcely be said to have

begun with the Osawatimie output. Nevertheless, the declaration of the colonel, in these ninety-two words, that "the fight will certainly go on to a triumphant conclusion" is reassuring. If this ultimatum to the powers of darkness shall bring cheer to the faltering, then is it well said, though it have been said before.

But now the scene changes. The versatile colonel turns from statecraft to science. Savants of the Smithsonian Institution are to be enlightened by his kaleidoscopic activities, and breakfast tables of the nation again will be enlivened by the Roosevelt column in the morning press. May his scientific disclosures continue, without interruption, to make entertaining copy for the leased wires, is the ardent wish of even those who did not vote the Roosevelt way. As foreshadowing the probable value of his contribution to the world's scientific knowledge, it may be recounted that already he has donated a photograph of a herd of elephants in action, on the reverse side of which is written in bold, clear, terse language, "the first and only." Thus does science achieve its triumphs. A scarcely less valuable, if possibly not so entirely original a contribution, was the colonel's sage remark that, "Every dog has his day and the night belongs to the cats." This is indeed worth while.

PASSING OF TOLSTOY

BY THE passing of Tolstoy it can scarcely be said that the world is poorer. Perhaps it is even richer, for his tragic going out has focussed its attention on an exalted figure that was slowly receding from public gaze. Had he lived a few years longer it is not likely that anything further would have come from his pen, for he had gone away from his beautiful home at Yasnaya Poliana, had laid away his pen which had thrilled, and ennobled three generations, had put aside his bookish pursuits, turned his back on the world and its ways, and started off to find a secluded spot in which to pass the remainder of his days in that silent contemplation for which his struggling soul yearned and to which his long years of service had so richly entitled him.

Leo Tolstoy was the most heroic figure in nineteenth century literature. As a novelist only one other figure approaches his stature, and that is Balzac, whose extravagances of melodrama and monarchical sympathies dwarf his tremendous literary accomplishments even when the whole Human Comedy is placed beside the bare half dozen great books from the Russian's pen. Tolstoy's art and life were wedded to the human struggle to mold environment. That is the secret, not of his power, but of his great and lasting influence. The world will never judge Tolstoy merely as an artist. "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," and "Resurrection" would not stand the test of "art for art's sake," but all the world reads and will read them for many generations, and will be better for the reading. Their iconoclasm is terrible. They strip the mask of hypocrisy from the wanton countenance of a Christian civilization that rears churches, brothels and gallows side by side. But there is no note of pessimism in them and their ideals will, one day, become common practices. His "Kreutzer Sonata," every word of which was written not to exploit sensuality but to cleanse from its stain, first gave to Tolstoy the undivided attention of America through the fortunate circumstances that a few men of Rooseveltian caliber loudly condemned it and John Wanamaker, who had not read it, prohibited its carriage by the mails.

Great men who have the power to reach the thoughtful, intellectual reader, seldom have the gift of directness and simplicity necessary to carry their message where it is most needed, to the hovel, the field, the workshop and the prison. Therein was Tolstoy one of the world's few.

What he wrote was read and will be read by the intellectual and the humble alike. To name one of many, William Dean Howells has often said that he owes more to Leo Tolstoy's books than to any other he ever read. In cheap print and gaudy colored paper covers, the same books that moved the foremost man in American literature may be found in slum lodging houses and in railway labor camps—their influence in each case the same. There is not a banal, trivial or merely polished line in all of Tolstoy's work.

In the great human movement for a sane and humane arrangement of society, Tolstoy was a fundamental democrat and much of his work was for the direct purpose of explaining and exemplifying the single tax land system of Henry George. Boldly and splendidly he taught that titles to land mean titles to men, that the land belongs to all human creatures alike, and that human freedom is a mockery so long as land is monopolized. On his own great estates he practiced what he preached as nearly as that is possible under drastic governmental interference.

In religion Tolstoy sought the heart of truth, and never its shell. His Biblical criticisms are well illustrated in this single instance from "My Religion." Searching the various texts for a sane reading of the Sermon on the Mount he discovered that the old manuscript makes Christ say simply, "Be not angry," whereas the King James translators have rendered it, "Be not angry without cause"—the two last words being interpolations that destroy the beautiful truth and turn a scientific admonition into a base platitude.

Philosophically, Tolstoy realized that evil ceaseth not by evil, violence is not killed by force, nor injustice by wrong, nor hate by anger, nor crime by punishment. Few men in the world's history have given so much and so freely as Tolstoy. To his civilization he gave all he had, in turn for which it reached out its mercenary and neurotic hands and tried to grasp the spirit within which sought only a little solitude that it might hear the voices of the silence and go out into the night in peace. His death was almost the saddest fact of his life.

ONLY REMEDY FOR SOCIALISM

WHERE land is dear, men are cheap, and vice versa. Wages fluctuate in inverse ratio to the speculative value of land. General prosperity is a matter of naturally high wages. As land increases in speculative value a few gamblers get rich quickly, but wages go down and general prosperity decreases. The unearned increment on land has to be paid for in human labor. When a piece of land increases in value \$1000 in a year, say, it means that the holder of that land has a mortgage of \$1000 on human labor which he has done nothing to earn. It is not his fault that he reaps where he has not sown, of course. The fault is the system of land tenure under which we are operating—an ancient system of grab, which rewards idleness and discourages industry—a system that will have to be changed before the terrible pressure of involuntary poverty can be removed and anything like a condition of fairness and decency established in the world.

In England they have grappled with this question in a manifold way, and parliament has instituted a system which will, in time, if not interfered with, obliterate the fear of poverty from English life. Already, several of the big English estates have been ordered sold at auction. In New Zealand, where the system has been in vogue upward of a decade, actual poverty has been completely wiped out. A start has been made in Australia, where it works well, so that wages have assumed normal proportions and strikes and lockouts are becoming things of the past. The government of New South Wales is establishing a land tax system. A single tax on land values bill has been introduced at Madrid. Of course, the news bureaus do not keep posted on these evidences of real growth and progress, but the daily and weekly papers from these various points apprise us of the facts.

It is a great, world-wide movement now, and the only possible rival to socialistic bureaucratic government there is on the political boards. The Henry George system of opening up the land, restoring it in toto to the whole people, is the only

thing that can save us from Socialism. One means freedom and the other means concentration of power in the hands of the "class conscious" workingman. Everybody should study this question and be ready to take an intelligent stand in the matter. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is a wonderful work, written by a clear-headed man with a big heart and wide sympathies—written when he was struggling to gain a living in San Francisco as a printer, and there happened to be more printers looking for work than there were jobs to go around.

Henry George came to California in the early days, when land was plentiful and wages \$10 a day or more. He saw the great change from general affluence to general poverty take place right under his eyes. He asked why? He read Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, but they could not answer him. He looked about him with his own eyes and saw the Miller & Lux estate, fencing in millions of acres in the San Joaquin valley, and he saw the same thing repeated on a smaller scale elsewhere. He saw that men could not get homesteads any more without going away to the wilderness and relinquishing all the comforts and advantages of civilization. He saw people crowded off the open lands that were adjacent to the centers and pushed and jammed into city slums. He saw, in miniature, the whole panorama of civilization, and then he wrote "Progress and Poverty," which has been translated into every language and sold even more numerous than the Bible.

Of recent years it has not been read so extensively because Socialism has come in and filled the public eye. Though in reality Socialism is a far more revolutionary idea than the single tax, it doesn't seem so at first blush, and its central idea of the government owning and running everything is more easily grasped by the unthinking than the change in the land tenure system. The latter would be enough reform to start with, and its idea of perfect freedom is more in harmony with those democratic tenets that underlie the present government. Read Henry George's great work, those who have not yet done so, we urge.

CHILD LABOR IS AN EFFECT

CHILDREN under fourteen years of age work in factories in thirteen states. In thirty-three states they work at nights as messenger boys, etc. Children under sixteen work more than eight hours a day in factory, mine, store and mill in thirty-five states of this glorious union of freedom and equality before the law. These are figures compiled by the National Child Labor Committee and published in the current number of Review of Reviews. A few years ago the Saturday Evening Post took up the matter of child labor, publishing, in a series of descriptive articles, details of shocking and pitiful pictures of actual conditions. Quite a popular feeling against the inhuman traffic in children ensued, and many had hopes that practical steps would be taken to stop it. But nothing to speak of was done, and there is little reason to expect that anything will or can be done under existing conditions and governmental ideals. From the report of Secretary Lovejoy, it does not appear that his society has been able to accomplish anything substantial in the way of reducing the number of youthful lives annually ground into dollars in the United States.

Laws against child labor will be of no particular use, unless to increase the total amount of perjury. If the children could be kept out of factory, mill, mine and store what, then, would become of the families whose sole incomes are the wages of these children and adolescents? To pass a law against child labor is analogous to Marie Antoinette's notion that those who had no bread should eat cake. Marie would have made a good constructive statesman of the kind that expects to cure an effect by the creation of another effect. Of course, a militant government has power to wipe out child labor or anything else it may take a notion to expunge, but it has not power to alter the law of cause and effect. If a legislative enactment could operate to prevent the addition of three and two resulting in a total of five, the task of human "government" would, doubtless, be simpler, and the troublesome necessity of tracing an effect to its antecedent cause

would be obviated. Indeed, one is impelled to believe that the world looks about that way to most parlor reformers and legislators, not to mention the illogical hot heads who think to bring about peace by war, happiness by misery, security by deceit, and better things by worse things. The evil thing of child labor cannot be cured by a law forbidding it. Strange, is it not, that, though we get a fairly good grasp on the law of cause and effect in physics and mechanics, so that we do not seek to remedy the havoc done by a tidal wave with the passage of a new statute, yet that is, analogously, just about what we do attempt when we perceive that something is wrong with the body politic?

Children are sent to stores, mills, mines and fields to work when they ought to be in school or out doors, playing, because that is the only way thousands of families can be kept from starvation. Child labor is the direct result of a glutted labor market, of a condition in which there are vastly more men and women seeking remunerative jobs than there are jobs to go around. The labor glut is directly due to the fact that the land is monopolized and held out of use for speculative reasons. Where there is plenty of free or cheap land accessible to centers of population, there can be no labor glut, and under such conditions child labor never has existed and never would exist. While vast tracts of land are held idle, the labor market must be overstocked, and this condition is the direct cause of child labor. Obliterate the cause and the effect will cease. The other way is socialism—or an explosion.

SYSTEM IS TO BLAME

BRAND WHITLOCK has had long experience in municipal affairs, perhaps as much as any man in the country, and more than most men. Toledo, of which he is mayor, is one of the model cities of the world. Yet men and women and children at times go hungry in Toledo, as elsewhere, thousands of them are insufficiently clothed, thousands can find no work at all a large part of the time, other thousands work long hours for a bare pittance, men, women and children alike, and over the vast majority of all the people of Toledo—as of every other city—hangs the terrible dread of poverty, which Mayor Whitlock has been unable to cure. Yet Toledo is well governed. If good government would cure poverty, both Toledo and Cleveland long ago would have been free from poverty.

Under Tom Johnson's reign Cleveland was said to be the best governed city in the world. Nevertheless, Cleveland had its slums and its palaces, great wealth and abject squalor, and still has them. Los Angeles is a well governed city. Many think it is too much governed, but that aside, we rate well among the orderly and politically clean cities of the world. Yet there are probably five thousand women here who would get up pretty early in the morning and wait in a mile-long line for the chance of securing continuous employment at one dollar a day, and a still larger number of men who would go great lengths to secure steady jobs at two dollars a day. It is not Mayor Alexander's fault, nor the council's fault, nor is it the fault of the department store owners and managers that thousands of girls and young women are working for them at salaries barely sufficient to buy food, pay carfare and procure clothing as best they may.

Times are pretty good in Southern California now. Possibly, these figures are a trifle overdrawn as to Los Angeles, but if so, there are still a thousand other cities in the United States where conditions are far worse. Nor does good government seem to help matters. Brand Whitlock has come to that conclusion. After years of municipal betterment, of observation at first hand, and of ripe thought, this is what the wise and humane mayor of Toledo has to say:

Good government, efficient government, will not do—will no longer avail in any city. Sending the bad to prison and electing the good to office, and changing paper charters are not going to work any real reform.

More than legislative enactments and criminal prosecutions are needed. There are about 40,000 ordinances on the Los Angeles statute books now, and quite a few men and women are sent to prison

from this city every month. The ship of state does not seem to answer her helm. Still she is carrying a tremendous pressure, a little more than is safe, in fact. Possibly, there will be an explosion. That was the prophecy of Lord Macaulay, which he wrote in his American notes. But we are all hoping that Macaulay was wrong in this instance, and that before long the people of the United States will stop this legislative patchwork and order a brand new suit of common welfare clothes. It can be done—quicker and easier and at much less expense by balloting than in any other way. Fewer ballots than bullets will change things. But the question is an impersonal one. Honest men operating under an antiquated system can accomplish but little. It is the system that wants renovating. It will either be renovated or revolutionized.

GRAPHITES

One of the pet measures of the Taft administration is to raise postal rates on magazines. Although the step is ostensibly aimed at the big advertising sections which the magazines carry, in reality it is an attempt to abridge the dissemination of radical literature. Magazine publishers find it profitable to print radical essays. They find it one of the surest ways of maintaining a large circulation. It will be a clever stroke for conservatism if this conservative administration can block the popular spread of radical literature now running in the monthly magazines. Of course, the claim that magazines carry too much advertising is entirely specious. The magazine carries no more advertising than the daily paper, and such as it does carry is 100 per cent cleaner and freer from objectionable features. But the daily paper is "safe and sane." It does not cater to the awakening social sympathies and the broadening intellection of the mass. It does not have to; it has a stronger pull with the people. It caters—abjectly panders—to all that is morbid, silly, ephemeral, violently emotional and trivial in human nature. The proposal to lower first-class postage to one cent shows how specious is the claim against the advertising section. Under one-cent sealed postage the mails will be flooded with circulars. The advertiser will then go for the consumer direct, and at a cheaper rate than he now pays Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, or the monthly magazines. If the administration were sincere in its campaign against the advertising section, a law limiting the amount of advertising to fifty per cent of the bulk of the publication—daily or monthly—would be sufficient. Such a regulation as to monthlies, together with a lot of petty, bothersome, tyrannical rules, prevail at present. Indeed, the government might with considerable propriety refrain from meddling with the publishing business.

So the Interdenominational Commission on Marriage and Divorce will "propose a number of bills relating to divorce" at the next legislature. But why a number of bills? Two would be sufficient. A law making it unconstitutional, or other dictum just as awful, for human nature to rise above the brute plane of animal satisfactions and monetary considerations would be efficacious. The trouble is that people are becoming too refined and sensitive over this mating business. The ideals of a higher than merely animal selection are creeping in. We are prone to forget that a woman is a female and a man is a male, and that is all there is to it. The brute kind mate that way and with much success. The human animal is becoming more finical. He demands sympathy, congeniality, respect, and that altogether negligible and absurd intangibility which the foolish poets call love, in his mating affairs. Of course, the quickest and surest way to reach the divorce evil would be to rule these considerations entirely out of life. Another way would be to make it a penal offense for men and women to mate before the age of 50. By that time they have arrived at such a fixity of brain development that they are said to possess judgment. Persons of 50 are not so likely to make mistakes in selecting friends and companions. Now, these two laws are a little radical, perhaps, but they would positively cure the evil of which the interdenominational church federation so justly complains.

That was rather a clever remark of Professor Herrin's, that "Here, in Southern California, you have a considerable population which has nothing to do but think in isms." There are a powerful number of isms in this city, but that is not such a bad sign. At least, it means mental activity and diversity. There really ought to be a separate ism for each individual, which is to say that ev-

erybody ought to have a reasonable conception of other things than those pertaining to his immediate personal comfort. Professor Herrin spoke specially about Socialism, however, and under this head he should take cognizance of the fact that the word has a specific and a generic meaning. There are many Socialists who are not members of that party. One may approve of certain socialistic ideals as he may of certain ideals of democracy without belonging to either party. Being in its infancy, the Socialist party, of course, is not to be compared with the Democratic party. In the latter there are but few who know or care what democracy really means. The average Democrat votes to win the offices, the same as the average Republican. With insurgency and socialism it is different. They really mean it.

If the penal code is intended to prevent crime, its punishments should be inflicted before the offense is committed. If punishments are inflicted on offenders in order to deter others from becoming offenders, the word justice must be stricken from the code, for it is not just to punish one in order that another may be good. If punishment is inflicted to prevent the punished from committing a subsequent crime, then the code stands a hideous failure, because the history of crime proves that 99 per cent of released criminals return to prison. Even if punishment did prevent the repetition of crime, still it were unjust and unnecessarily cruel and barbarous, because the same result could be obtained in manlier and more decent ways than by morally debauching the offender. Examine the penal code fearlessly and thoughtfully and you find that it spells nothing but revenge. Its provisions are unnecessary in order to protect society, and they never do protect society. On the contrary, the penal code and all its primitive machinery of revenge are constant and fearful menaces to society. Punishment means only revenge.

When the department of justice says it is going to exterminate the white slave traffic, presumably, it proposes to vouchsafe to every poor and poverty-threatened young woman and girl in the land a chance to earn her living without sliding into "the easiest way." What else can it mean? How else can the terrible traffic be exterminated? In ten thousand years no other way has been discovered; but that way has been well attested. In new communities where land is plentiful and of easy access, and wages are high and none is involuntarily idle, the social evil does not exist, save as it is recruited from the nearest crowded centers. Seriously, the department of justice doesn't propose to vouchsafe a fair and equal chance for all young women to earn a living in a wholesome manner. What it proposes to do, and has already begun, is merely to put the mercenary cunning of its hired detectives against the poverty-driven cunning of the white slave traffickers and victims. Hades roars with glee at the spectacle.

Arizona's constitutional provisions that accused and convicted minors must be lodged separately from adult criminals was fought tooth and nail by the lawyers in the convention. It was purely a legal matter they held, and not a fit subject for constitutional guarantee. The lawyers were defeated. It is quite a revolutionary provision, to cease the active teaching and graduation of young criminals, and the legal profession can be depended upon, as a rule, to disapprove of anything calculated to unsettle the status quo. Of course, the whole scheme of land tenure, under which we live, has an inevitable tendency to force the weaker ones into petty crime, as the "easiest way," but the people cannot see that yet—on this side of the Atlantic—and it is much that a new state should in its charter disestablish the old scheme of state crime hatcheries. Evidently, there are a number of people in Arizona who can see straight.

Medical journals have much to say about insanity and are commenting, editorially, on its general causes. Overstudy and too much mental work seem to be the favorite reasons assigned, but neither of these is fundamental. Insanity is due to the fact that while the growing complexity of civilization calls for greater mental activity, there is not a corresponding decrease in physical excesses. Physical excesses are decreasing, but not in sufficient proportion to maintain the equilibrium. Insanity is one of nature's ways of restoring the equilibrium. Brain storm is due to burning the candle at both ends. The Biblical admonition that one cannot serve two masters at the same time cannot be successfully controverted. It used to sound like a moral platitude, but it is nothing less than a cold, hard statement of fact.

GRAPHICALITIES

In declining to reverse the decision of the superior court, which found Abraham Ruef guilty of bribery and imposed a sentence of fourteen years in the penitentiary, the appellate court of the First district has done well. The appeal was based on the flimsiest of technicalities, and was undeserving of serious consideration. Of course, the defendant will take the case to the supreme court—he still has a big bank account—but it is doubtful if he will receive any less drastic treatment than the court of appeals has accorded him. There should be a day of general thanksgiving set aside by the authorities of San Francisco when this notorious scamp is safe inside the penitentiary walls.

In her constitutional provisions, Arizona will retain 1,000,000 acres of good land for the school fund. Together with her forest reserves the new state, which will have one of the shortest and best constitutions in the Union, will begin life with about half of her domain held as public property. Perhaps the land problem is being worked out in this nation as surely as it is in Europe and Australasia, though from a different standpoint. Gifford Pinchot and his conservation supporters, excluding Mr. Roosevelt and the politicians, when they are pressed for direct answers to the next step in the conservation program betray a good working concept of the land-for-the-people idea.

It may be that Japan is going the pace that kills, but she is not going it fast enough to suit certain of the Tokio jingo newspapers that are clamoring for an expenditure of \$200,000,000 on warships. Premier Katsura includes \$40,000,000 in his budget, which is to stretch over six years of battleship building. The sailing isn't very good at Mukden, anyway, and it has been several geological centuries since Manchuria was navigable. Those Tokio papers are probably trying to scare San Francisco, whose brave and daring inhabitants lose more sleep over the yellow peril than virtuous Los Angelenos do in recounting their political sanctities.

It looks rather crude from this distance to see crowds of women besiege parliament, fight with the police and get 116 of themselves locked in jail. But perhaps that is the best way to move the Britishers. Their own wives and daughters ought to know. The spectacle of Minister Asquith sneaking out of the side door to avoid the suffrage deputation is not very edifying, either. He will get tired of that in time, and then a suffrage bill will go through parliament. In less than twenty years it will seem strange to look back upon a time when women were not permitted to vote.

There is nothing especially luminous in the words of the men who defeated Roosevelt in his own state. Congressman Littleton, of the district which includes Oyster Bay, is out with a statement that "What is needed is not a change in the form of our government, but a change in the character of men." That is neither true nor important. It is too bad that the Lion Hunter couldn't have been beaten by large caliber men—but doubtless Mr. Murphy knows his business.

Sixteen members of the window glass trust being fined \$500 each for infraction of the anti-trust law it has become necessary to raise the price of window glass. So long as the public is willing to pay for the privilege of seeing "rich malefactors" punished, it is not likely that the courts will deny them the spectacle.

New York is now enforcing a law against the sale of birds' plumage. The aigrette and forty-two other varieties of feathers are forbidden to be worn on women's hats or exposed for sale.

Mrs. Brit Trevathan, widow of the late county clerk of Lufkin, Texas, was elected as his successor, being the first man or woman, to defeat a Democratic candidate in that county.

Montenegro has sent a representative to Delagua, Colo., to investigate the cause of the mine disaster in which seventy-nine men, mostly Servians, were killed.

"Mine enemies I will disarm with kindness, but who shall save me from my friends?"—Senator Beveridge.

If you are trying to pick a winner in New York state, keep your eye on Gaynor.

Uncle Sam's battleships go out of style almost as quickly as women's hats.

JOHN DREW IN HIS NEW PLAY, "SMITH"

JOHN DREW is playing at the Empire Theater in a new comedy by W. Somerset Maugham. Though the play rejoices in the name "Smith," it makes no attempt to glorify that ancient and honorable family. The title refers not to the masculine hero, but to an unpretentious second girl, who seems to be of sterling worth because she is set against a background of falseness and frivolity. The play is said to afford Mr. Drew the best opportunity he has had for years. To accept the truth of this encomium is to discredit some of Mr. Drew's past successes, but Mr. Drew is always entertaining and worth seeing, and the play affords him an exceedingly good opportunity for his inimitable art. The texture of the play is very light. It progresses by infinitesimal steps to an obvious finish, but on its way it affords an entertaining and presumably edifying glimpse of certain phases of society.

* * *

Whether the author had any moral purpose in writing it does not appear. Whether the public will be uplifted depends entirely on the individual viewpoint. No emotional climax leads to righteous indignation against rotten conditions. It is all very light and frothy. The nauseous doings of a frivolous, false set of people are shown without palliation. In the play sterling worth and honesty flee from them and no doubt the audience is expected to do likewise. Decent people do anyhow, the other sort are not likely to be regenerated by the stage picture of doings which they engage in every day without disgust, whether one is uplifted or a little bit degraded by the presentation depends upon oneself. But the fact remains that Tom Freeman and Mary Smith are all that they should be in the play, and what Mr. Drew does he does with such exquisite ease and art that he is extremely entertaining and well worth seeing.

* * *

Nine years before the action begins Tom Freeman has been ruined in a stock speculation and has been obliged to leave England. His fiancée, Emily Chapman, feels no further interest in him when she learns that his money is gone, and breaks the engagement. After various adventures, notably as a luggage porter in a big hotel, Freeman finds his way to Rhodesia, Africa, becomes a successful farmer of a thousand acres, and gains a new and more wholesome outlook on life. When the play opens we learn that he is expected by his sister, his only relative, for a six weeks' visit. She is engaged in playing bridge with a few of her intimates, and regards the coming interruption as a huge bore. While he has been growing in breadth of vision, she has taken the road in the other direction. She is what is commonly known as a cat, and a very scratchy cat. Two women friends and a "tame cat," reminiscent of Pinero's tame robin of a year ago, meet at her house for a rubber every day before dinner. One of the women, Mrs. Rosenberg, married to a rich Jew, neglects her husband and baby for the game; the other, Emily Chapman, once engaged to Freeman, twice jilted since, addicted to the rouge pot, ekes out a precarious living by means of her skill in the game. The tame cat is professionally useful. Having barely enough money to buy his clothes, he must manage to keep up appearances until he can find an heiress to marry. He has therefore attached himself to Mrs. Dallas-Baker for the sake of the perquisites that come in his way in the shape of frequent meals and theater tickets. The amiable husband approves the arrangement because the tame cat keeps his wife in a good humor and things run smoothly. The character is admirably drawn, and well played, but it is unpleasant to contemplate. It is bad enough when a man sponges on another man, but it is a trifle worse when he fastens himself upon a woman.

* * *

Into this assemblage Tom Freeman comes like a breath of fresh air. He is rough and rugged and wholesome, and he expects all good things from the little sister, whom he has idealized in the years of his absence. But in all the household he find but one wholesome creature, "Smith," the second girl. She is practical, has excellent common sense, and a good share of self-respect. Naturally, Freeman gravitates toward her. He has come with the avowed intention of taking back a wife with him to his farm in Rhodesia. His old fiancée, finding herself at the limit of her resources, deliberately lays a trap for him, banking on his simplicity for its success. She soon becomes engaged to him and her credit is saved. Then comes the main scene of the play. The party as usual is playing bridge. Word is received that the Rosenberg baby is very ill, but

not wishing to break up the game Freeman's sister does not deliver the message. Smith hears over the telephone that the child is dead and announces it to the assembled company. It is really a shocking moment, for, excepting the horror-stricken mother, only Smith and Freeman feel that anything worth getting excited over has happened. Something is however awakened in the heart of Freeman's fiancée, for she tells him what a cheat she is and refuses to allow him to sacrifice his right to happiness. Half humorously, Freeman offers to marry Smith. Smith feels merely that an insult is being offered her and in a very dignified way refuses to consider him seriously. In the last act, however, the matter is straightened out. Freeman realizes that he has come really to care for the girl, proposes to her again, and wins her promise to go with him to Rhodesia. Mrs. Rosenberg, in deep black, announces that her husband will allow her to remain in his house as his wife only on condition that she give up her card-playing friends. The former fiancée discovers that she is tired of the falseness of her life and determines to migrate to Australia and give her one talent besides bridge-playing a chance. She has taken a second-class ticket and has accepted a situation as cook! The tame cat leaves the card-playing sister for a mercenary marriage. There is a bare suggestion that the sister in time may see things in a better and clearer light, but that is left to the future.

* * *

The cast is acceptable, but the men are all better than the women. Isabel Irving, as the sister, is very well placed so far as personal appearance goes, but she has an unpleasantly artificial way of playing that utterly precludes illusion. To play an artificial character naturally takes art, merely being artificial oneself will not fill the bill. No human being would use her intonations. Sibyl Thorndike as the fiancée does a pretty piece of work. Mary Boland as Smith has little opportunity beyond the presentation of a correct English maid. It would take an extraordinary personality to make the part as it is written stand out with any degree of individuality and such an actress would be wasted on it. The character is rather negative on the whole. It seems to stand for all the virtues merely because the other people are so disagreeably nasty. Miss Boland is attractive, however, and the character by no means suffers at her hands. The gowns must have cost a pretty penny. Smith, of course wears the conventional maid's costume, black dress and white apron, but the other three women had each a gown for each of the four acts, elaborate and costly, and as beautiful as the present mode permits. Narrowed skirts do not make for grace on the stage. Few women walk well when unhampered, and the present mode emphasizes defects of carriage.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, November 21, 1910.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

WHEN we have recovered from our pride of population fever in the cities we may be in better frame of mind to receive the far more important figures of the increase in the rural districts. Those statistics are actually of more vital importance even to the dwellers in cities. Prodigious as has been Los Angeles' growth in the last decade, and gratifying as has been San Francisco's, neither is really so important as the reports yet to come of the increase in the number of food producers. From 1890 to 1900 the whole population of California increased 276,923. To this growth the ten principal cities of the state contributed more than half, and of the total population ten years ago 43.7 was urban, which considerably exceeded the average of the United States. The population of California in 1900 was a few thousands short of a million and a half. Today the population of San Francisco and its environs and of Los Angeles is more than a million. The really important matter for every Californian is to know whether the growth in the rural districts—the increase among the producers—has anywhere nearly kept up with the tremendous growth in the cities.

* * *

Pride of population is a very natural and, to a certain extent, proper emotion, but it seems that in its gratification we are prone to lose sight of the fact that the bigger the cities grow, the worse is our condition, unless the growth of the farms is proportionate. It is quite certain that we shall continue to lament the high cost of living so long as we concentrate our energies on increasing the size of our cities and remain comparatively indifferent to the development of the country. Several months ago, I attended the annual banquet of the Merchants Association here. Most of the speech-

es were of the usual boom and boost order, but there was at least one speaker wise enough to declare candidly that San Francisco did not want any more population at present. He admitted that there was more than enough competition in every line of industry. It was of infinitely more importance to San Francisco that the territory dependent on this city, and on which, to a large extent, this city depends, should be filled up with settlers. The truth is that the future prosperity of California will not be measured by the increase of its city dwellers, the consumers, but by the increase of its producers.

* * *

One single example, and in a comparatively small detail, may suffice as illustration. Last week four carloads of eggs were imported to this city from Nebraska. Is it not rather startling to discover that California cannot—or rather, does not—begin to supply Californians with eggs? Surely, hens are just as fertile and as regular in California as in Nebraska. The only explanation of our dependence on Nebraska for hen fruit must be that Californians do not think the poultry industry worth while. The consumer who is now paying 65 cents a dozen for "fairly fresh" eggs may wonder why not.

* * *

We did wise and foolish things last week in attempting to answer thirty-eight riddles in the form of amendments to the city charter. Candidates for municipal office are no longer to be clothed with party designation on the ballot, terms of office are to be four years instead of two, and we shall elect half the officials and half the board of supervisors every two years, thus shortening the ballot. Moreover, the heavy preliminaries of the primary election are simplified in the matter of nominations, and any candidate who receives a majority of votes at the primary is elected forthwith. By the narrow majority of 297 votes we defeated the amendment proposing that not only should the minimum wages of all laborers in the city's employ be \$3 a day, but that all contractors for city work should be bound by the same minimum wage. About half a dozen salary-raising amendments, threatening serious inroads upon the taxpayer's pocket, were also defeated. The supervisors themselves, however, were given a raise from \$100 to \$200 a month.

* * *

At least one amendment was passed which imposes practically prohibitory conditions on street railroad enterprise by private capital. An eight-hour day, with a minimum wage of \$3 is prescribed for the operation of any line under franchises in the future. Many extensions will be needed for the exposition in 1915, and the city's present prospects for undertaking a street railroad business is by no means bright. Moreover, several important tunnel schemes have been projected with enthusiasm. The tunnels would be valueless without transportation facilities. It seems evident that it will not be long before the municipal ownership zealots realize that they tied up street railroad development in a pretty tight knot.

* * *

Signs of rebellion among the legislators who will assemble in Sacramento in January are already prevalent. No "program" in the past ever approached the preparations that Meyer Lissner is credited with outlining for the edification of the elect. If the arrangements of the newly established boss and his steering committees are carried out, the work of the legislature will be foreordained and simple. This new wrinkle in "popular legislation," however, will not obtain without considerable struggle. There are a good many people and quite a few legislators who still believe in representative government. If Lissner and his cabinet are bent on political suicide, they will continue to regard themselves as the sole interpreters of public opinion and interest. They will be forcibly reminded that the people have elected Lissner, Rowell and Earl to nothing.

* * *

If you care for a really well constructed and interesting play, and can appreciate good acting by all means don't miss Faversham's production of "The World and His Wife." In my humble opinion, Faversham has with him the best company of well-trained and skillful actors that has been seen on the Pacific coast for many a year. And the work of the great Spanish dramatist, Echegary, as translated and brought down to date by Nidlinger, is thoroughly worth while from curtain to curtain. Of stars and spectacles we get a plenitude, also of worthless plays and many performances far inferior to those of your stock companies, but these make a play and a company such as Faversham brings you all the rarer and more delightful a treat. R. H. C.
San Francisco, November 22, 1910.

By the Way



Willoughby Rodman Convalescent

Friends of Willoughby Rodman will learn with pleasure of the convalescence of the well-known lawyer, after a severe attack of pneumonia. When the Times fire destroyed the manuscript of the legal opus magnum, on which he had been working for months, we exchanged condolences over our mutual hard luck, and Willoughby, I am proud to say, never whimpered, but set to work at once to rewrite his book. Whether his application rendered him more susceptible than usual to atmospheric changes is merely conjecture, but he presently fell ill, and for a few weeks was in a precarious condition. My highest regards to this prince of wits, this gallant discourager of the blues, and may he long snap his clever digits at the Grim Reaper.

Widow Vidal and the Herald

I heartily congratulate the esteemed Herald on its success in raising the lien on Widow Vidal's little home, out on the Misison road, the result of a special assessment for "improvements." To this fund Col. J. B. Lankershim contributed his check for \$50, through The Graphic, and I am sure he is glad he called his attention to the opportunity. Think of a law that permits a ten per cent penalty compounding every ninety days in event of non-payment of principal! It is an urgent case for the reform legislators. The pity of it is that Widow Vidal's necessities are not singular. There are half a dozen other small property owners on her street threatened with eviction and total loss of their holdings by reason of this pernicious act.

Why We Are Alert as to Mexico

Los Angeles is more than ordinarily interested in the revolutionary movements at present agitating Mexico. It is said, indeed, that the plans for the present uprising were mainly concocted here, but that may be mere rumor. In view of the fact that a hundred million dollars of Southern California money are invested in the southern republic, it is natural that the garbled and unsatisfying press reports of the disturbances should be read with considerable interest by our people. For example, while the dividend declaration on E. L. Doheny's Mexican Common came as an agreeable holiday present to several hundred Los Angeles stockholders, there are those interested in the company who are wondering if the present troubles may not result in bearing the stock materially. As a matter of fact, prices have fallen off \$4 a share this week, with a prospect for still lower price levels. The company is capitalized at about \$50,000,000, more than half of it owned here, and with Mr. Doheny controlling the better part of that. This week the Doheny interests showed their faith in the property by adding to their holdings in large blocks and always at the highest prices, taking on additional shares with every drop of half a point in the quotations. Mr. Doheny is in close touch with things in Mexico, and he is convinced that the political disquietude there will be ended without serious loss of prestige to the Diaz regime.

Governor Gage May Get His Wish

When Henry T. Gage was appointed American minister to Portugal I ventured the opinion that his advent into the country's diplomatic service was dictated by a desire on his part to effect transference in due time to the American embassy in Mexico City. I have reason to believe that the desired promotion in that direction is likely to be made at an early date, and long before Minister Gage had any idea it would take place.

Shutting off School Debate

I hear that Consul Lozano was unnerved when he advised his government that a school debate in Los Angeles, whether or not Mexico would be better off as part of the United States, was likely to spread dissension south of the border. I have it on good authority that those responsible for the unrest beyond the Rio Grande have lived here for years, and are of the most ardent description of "Mexico for the Mexicans" nationalists. While

appreciating the hospitality that has permitted them to evolve their plans here, they have no desire to do anything that will result in their exile from the United States. They insist that when Mr. Lozano had the debate of Mexico for the United States shut off by the department of state, in Washington, he was unnecessarily alarmed. I am inclined to agree with that view, but perhaps the situation in his country is more serious than the general public conceives.

Col. Holabird Indulges His Muse

My much-traveled and esteemed fellow-Sunsetter, Col. W. H. Holabird, now acting as receiver for the California Development Company, I have long known as a brilliant orator, but that he dropped into verse occasionally, like the immortal Silas Wegg, was a sealed book to me until this week, when, up from El Centro, in the Imperial valley, came the following:

Quoth the ass:

Is this the West,
Of which you boast?
This desert bare,
This awful glare,
Is this the West?

Answered the lion:

Yes, this is the West!
This desert bare,
Hides treasures rare.
From snow-clad range
The mountain stream,
Neath cloudless skies,
Kisses the desert.
The scene is changed,
And Eden appears.
Like the wine at the feast
In the far-off East,
The best at the last,
So God kept the West
Till man's needs were great.
Yes, this is the West.

To which all Men of the West will give salute in the good old way with a "How!"

Passed Her Hundredth Birthday

George Mackay was called to his old home near Montreal, this week, on a telegram apprising him of the approaching dissolution of his mother, whose centenary anniversary of her birth she celebrated last July. It is hardly possible that she will survive this present attack, due to the ravages of old age, but George is hopeful that he may reach her bedside in time to close her eyes and receive her blessing.

Senator Flint to Return to This City

I have heard it said repeatedly that Frank P. Flint has decided to make his permanent residence in New York, at the conclusion of his term as United States senator. Another oft reiterated rumor had it that his projected partnership was to include Oscar Lawler, now assistant United States attorney general, who, it is reported, is to resign his position soon after March 4, next. I am able to deny each of these stories. Senator Flint, it is true, has been importuned to leave Southern California for New York, to become affiliated with a legal firm, whose reputation is national. The senator, however, after taking the offer under advisement, decided to continue his allegiance to this part of the state. Oscar Lawler, likewise, will return to this city when he elects to leave Washington.

Died of a Broken Heart

There was intimation in the daily press, when it was discovered that the father of the late William Hawley Crippen was dead, that the end had come as the result of starvation. It was alleged that the old man, too proud to disclose his condition to neighbors, and because his former remittances from London had necessarily stopped, had died from lack of nourishment. I am requested to say that this story has no foundation. The elder Crippen had a small sum of money at his command at the end, which was found after his death. He died of a broken heart, protesting to the last the innocence of his boy, as he called him.

Wells-Fargo's New Head

Among astute railway men the comment is general that in the appointment of W. C. Sproule as head of the Wells, Fargo Co., the latter institution is certain to experience a shaking up such as it has been in need of for years. For a long time the complaint has been common that while all other lines of transportation endeavor have improved with modern conditions, the Wells-Fargo concern has stood still, paying about the same meager salaries to its subordinates as was the custom a decade ago, and having slight regard for public sentiment in this or other details of its business affecting the masses. President Sproule was for a long time an expert operating Southern Pacific official, with headquarters in San Fran-

cisco. He knows the Wells-Fargo business as intimately as he knows the needs of California, of San Francisco and of Los Angeles. Thomas A. Graham, who served with Mr. Sproule for years, says the latter is one of the best boomers for the entire state the coast has known. Incidentally, with Mr. Sproule's change of base, Thomas F. Schumacher's new railway status transfers him to the Guggenheim service, which position Mr. Sproule resigned to accept his new Wells-Fargo responsibilities.

Suppressing a Swindling Concern

In the suppression of Burr Brothers, recently, in New York, the postoffice department has rendered the country, especially, Los Angeles, a genuine service. This notorious concern has been operating undisturbed for a long time, and always has professed to have its headquarters in this city. Its advertising invariably has given Los Angeles as its real base of operations, and the oil industry, particularly, has been getting unenviable notoriety in consequence. While the local investing public has had a pretty fair estimate of Burr Brothers' standing, it was not a little surprised to learn that the oil company, with the name of a well-known automobile maker as its sponsor was among the Burr flotations. Furthermore, Exchange Alley may be surprised to learn that the postoffice department is seeking evidence to prove that a certain concern whose stock is listed here, and whose shares have dwindled from 54 to less than one cent, has been engaged in a swindling game from the time of its organization last spring. There are others of a similar nature under investigation.

Busy Paul Shoup

Paul Shoup, who has taken hold of the Southern Pacific Company's electric railway interests, not yet has decided just where he will locate permanently. His new duties have placed in his charge not only the Southern Pacific Southern California traction lines, but also the similar properties in Fresno, Stockton, Oakland and San Jose. It is believed that he will pass the major portion of his time here, as in this section the larger share of the company's millions for traction improvement will be expended in the next few years. I might add, as an item of interest, that with his other multifarious duties, the new head of the Pacific Electric-Los Angeles Pacific system, also is the general manager of Sunset, the Southern Pacific Company's entertaining monthly magazine, published in the interests of the passenger department.

Shriners Have Heartburn

Fred Hines, imperial potentate, will conduct a large party of Los Angeles and San Francisco Shriners to Honolulu and return early in February, and the project I hear is not entirely pleasing to those who think they were overlooked when it came to arranging invitations for the junket. I happen to know that Imperial Potentate Hines did not suggest the Los Angeles list, although there are several members of Al Malakiah Temple who will not accept that explanation of the facts. The voyage across to and from Hawaii is to be made memorable in several ways, and it will be the first time that such an excursion ever was attempted from Southern California. About a hundred and fifty persons will make the trip from here. The visit is to be a stag affair, strictly.

Flamboyant Oil Concern

Admiral Robley D. Evans is on his way to Los Angeles from the Kern county oil fields. The corporation of which the retired naval officer is the active head, continues to use prolific advertising space in all of the standard magazines that will enter into such contracts. Possibly it is because of the spectacular advertising campaign that is being waged that comment upon the soundness of the enterprise has been a trifle caustic at times. That the company is not financially responsible is not suggested. It is insisted, however, by oil operators that the methods of booming to which the Evans concern is being subjected are likely to deter the conservative investor from considering its offerings any too seriously.

State Public Service Projected

There is to be a public service commission, to have charge of all public utilities operating in the state of California, if those who are in charge of Republican politics in California can bring it about. The new idea will, of course, require legislative sanction in Sacramento, in the form of a proposed constitutional amendment, which, later, must be ratified by a majority vote of the people. Once before, in the administration of Governor

Gage, such an amendment was submitted and decisively rejected. Under the proposed new form the state is to be divided into three districts, on the New York plan, each with a commissioner, whose salary shall be \$10,000 a year. Each will hold office for four years, and each is to supervise the rates charged by public utility corporations in his bailiwick. It will not surprise me, in the event that the new idea is approved, if Governor Johnson appoints for the Los Angeles district Meyer A. Lissner, at present the head of the Los Angeles public service commission. The new system would take the subject of rate tinkering out of the hands of the city council of Los Angeles, so far as this community is concerned.

Better Keep Hands Off

While I have no desire to scold, or to intimate that all of the political wisdom of this earth may be found in *The Graphic*, I must insist that the effort of the *Times* to project Bert L. Farmer into the city clerkship, so long held by Harry J. Lelande, is sure to prove barren of results. Meyer Lissner and his following realize well that Farmer is now and has been for years a devoted follower of the Parker machine, and they will see to it that another than Farmer is given the vacancy. Moreover, if the *Times* is anxious to force Meyer Lissner into the senatorial race to succeed Frank Flint, it has only to keep up its editorial tactics of the last week. I chance to know that while Lissner has no intention of seeking the toga, he probably would not turn a deaf ear, were the honor offered him. Few men would. At the same time I have heard more than one Lincoln-Roosevelt member of the legislature from Southern California remark this week that if General Otis wants to see Lissner in the United States senate, all he has to do is to continue his warfare along present lines, until the two houses convene in Sacramento early in the year. I suggest to Managing Editor Harry A. Andrews the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie.

Hotel to Rise on Orpheum Site

Spring street is to have another skyscraper, and this time the proposed structure will be located immediately north of Third street. It is reported that the Orpheum Theater building has been sold and that it will be torn down and displaced by an eight-story hotel, to be conducted on lines similar to those that have made a fortune for the owners of the Hollenbeck. The Orpheum lease will expire with the end of the year, and by that time, or soon thereafter, that enterprise will be moved to its new home on Broadway. Then the present theater property will be demolished for the new hostelry, which is to cost, when equipped, close to half a million dollars. I hear that the details have all been worked out.

Slight the Local Exchange

Members of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange are in a quandary as to the best methods for changing what they regard as a peculiar condition of affairs. For reasons unknown, the Los Angeles Examiner declines to print daily news comment on stock exchange prices, while filling its market pages with gossip from the San Francisco and New York exchanges, in which the average Los Angeleno reader has slight or no interest. The Examiner publishes only the daily bids and asked figures from the local market. All attempts to have the local Hearst paper change its policies in this respect have proved futile, although the requests cover a period of several years.

Little Patronage Worth While

So far as Southern California is concerned, the new state administration will not have a great deal of patronage worth while to bestow. Barring the brigadier-generalship, at present in charge of Gen. Robert A. Wankowski, and a state bank deputyship, in the same hands, the superintendency of the reform school at Whittier, and the superintendency of the insane asylum at Highlands, together with two or three state normal principalships, there is little left having a decent salary attached, located south of the Tehachapi. As a matter of fact, there is only a uniform and the attendant expense that go with the position of brigade commander of the state national guard, and General Wankowski, having long ago earned an honorable retirement under the law, is fairly certain to petition for permission to relinquish his sword. The general also has advised his superiors that he will retire from his banking position at an early day. He intends to return to Los Angeles, and one of the local financial institutions in this city is likely to enlist his services soon after the new year. That Governor Johnson will make a change at Whittier is considered certain. The position is a desirable one, the pay

being better than \$3,000 a year, with everything found. The new state administration will not neglect the opportunity that presents, for it has cost a lot of money to attempt reformation of the juveniles consigned to its care, without, perhaps, getting adequate results. There is one position out there, that of treasurer, which is a sinecure. It pays a bout \$25 a month. I believe the responsibilities of the office at this writing are borne by Walter A. Leeds.

Ode to the Nineteenth Hole

Lynn Helm, the erudite Master in Chancery, golf player and wit, sends me the appended poem he received from Hon. W. A. Gaines, a brilliant lawyer of Chattanooga, Tenn., formerly representing that district in congress for several terms and who was a roommate of George J. Denis at Washington and Lee University, Virginia. In view of the awful possibility that the nineteenth hole of the country clubs in Los Angeles county may go dry, it is peculiarly timely and suggestive:

Somehow, without doubt, the impression is out
Among the untutored, I ween,
That the game is all o'er—there remains nothing
more—
After playing the eighteenth green:
This may have been true when the game was yet
new,
But now—it's no secret to tell—
That just at the goal there's a nineteenth hole,
As the duffers all know very well.

The nineteenth green is never the scene
Of aught but a friendly game,
The only rule here is one of good cheer,
And a penalty's naught but a name;
You can here sympathize with another's "bad lies,"
There is giving and taking a quarter,
And you may take "a drop," if by a bad "top,"
You are stymied by "casual water."

In playing this green "one down" doesn't mean
That the player is no longer "up,"
And you don't fill the air with epithets rare,
When you hang "on the rim of the cup."
All players are "scratch" in this sociable match,
And no "Col. Bogey" confounds,
And it's no one's concern if you play "out of turn,"
And you never can play "out of bounds."

At the nineteenth hole wondrous stories unroll,
As with one another we vie,
And from a frank view, it seems to be true,
That we are "alike (as we lie);"
And oft we are told of putts that are "holed,"
Of drives that never were seen,
Which we simply pass by as a very "bad lie,"
Or merely a "rub of the green."

In playing the green known as number nineteen,
The approach should be cautiously made,
For guarding the cup ugly hazards loom up,
Such as water and weak lemonade;
The correct, proper thing is a short easy swing,
Give the elbow a suitable bend,
A slight, gentle twist of the right hand wrist,
And then a strong "pull" at the end.

Salary of Chief Insufficient

Now that it has been decided to make a change in the head of the police department, the fact again is being brought to public attention that the position does not pay a salary commensurate with the responsibility entailed. The monthly stipend is \$250, fixed by charter, which cannot be changed, unless at an election held for the purpose. The provision was made nearly twenty years ago, when the sum was considered ample. Of course, there have been chiefs of police who even without the monthly emolument have acquired houses and lands. But the salary is not at this time sufficient to tempt big and honest men to take hold. Until the charter is amended in this respect conditions probably will remain as they are, with a mediocre chief in charge.

Willis Booth Reports Profitable Trip

Willis H. Booth is having the time of his life in the Orient, and he writes that not for a large-sized fortune would he have missed the experiences he has been having in the last two months. He was on the point of leaving for Manila when last heard from in the middle of October, and thought he would be back in Los Angeles by Christmas. The sight-seeing trip of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific coast, whose selected membership crossed the ocean at the invitation of the Chinese government, ended more than two weeks ago. The visit to the Philippines, undertaken by Mr. Booth and his associates, is wholly a private venture.

To Pass on Pullman Tariffs

Franklin K. Lane is due here next month, the object of his trip to California being the hearing of a case wherein an attempt is to be made to have upper Pullman berths reduced in price. The same issue already has been decided in a suit

that was heard by the interstate commerce commission in St. Paul, where Commissioner Lane ruled that the lower berth is worth at least twenty per cent more to the average traveler than the upper compartment. In this city, where the subject has been discussed by railway men in authority, it is believed that the Pullman company will equalize conditions by reducing the upper berth tariffs and increasing those below if the commission does not interpose objections.

Court House to be Overhauled

There is to be an overhauling of the board of supervisors with the new year, at which time the Lincoln-Roosevelt influence will take over control of this department of the public service, the first time in more than a dozen years that the old organization has not been in the saddle in the court house. Of course, there will be a lot of changes, the result of the new regime, and I am curious to see what will happen, with the public patronage hereafter to be doled out by the reform element in the Republican party. The new deal will turn out a number of patriots who now will find it rather hard to secure positions elsewhere. Also, the reformers will have an opportunity to abolish many useless places and save to the public treasury a large sum of money. I wonder whether or not this will be done. Or is the present condition to continue, under another political name?

"Bacon is Shake-Speare"

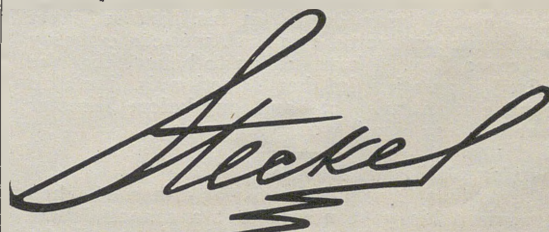
When Judge M. L. Graff was in Homburg this summer he enjoyed the society of a number of intellectual Britishers temporarily sojourning at the spas and among them he formed a delightful friendship with Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, whose erudite and ingenious "Bacon is Shake-Speare" is one of the thoughtful books of the season. Students will derive considerable pleasure from an examination of this work. They may not be converted to the Baconian theory, but, like myself, they will, at least, marvel at the persistent effort of modern critics to filch from William Shakespeare the honors that Ben Jonson, Milton and other of his near contemporaries freely bestowed on the bard of Avon. Judge Graff was the recipient of an autograph copy of "Bacon is Shake-Speare," which the author sent to the well-known Los Angeles attorney just before he sailed for New York.

Grau's Tribute to Musical Los Angeles

In his comprehensive and informing work, "The Business Man in the Amusement World," a companion volume to his "Forty Years' Observation of Music and the Drama," Robert Grau has devoted a chapter to Los Angeles, which he has selected as the most progressive city in its musical history in America. He pays great attention to the various branches of musical endeavor here, especially to the Ellis Club, Orpheus Club, Woman's Orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra, Harley Hamilton and that indefatigable pioneer impresario, Len E. Behymer, whose Philharmonic course is deservedly extolled, and whose money and brains have been at all times devoted to the upbuilding of musical interests in this city. It is a fine tribute to a man we all admire for his sterling qualities of heart and mind.

Did Emerson say, somewhere, that the accidental idea of sacrifice was to sacrifice the other fellow? He might have said it.

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Books

It is the whimsicality in them that makes O. Henry's "Whirligigs" so fascinating. Like the glinting flights of a brilliantly-hued humming bird, his fancy hovers on quick-whirring wings, now here, now there; never pausing long enough over this conception or that to become commonplace familiar. Hence he is never tiresome. It is the elusiveness of definition in his style and conceptions, the surprising novelty of all he writes, as with Kipling, that invests his productions with their peculiar charm and power. It is interesting to conjecture what the climax of his talents would have been had he lived. As it is, a goodly row of clever, universally appreciated books bearing his name attest to the rising star of the gifted author, to which "Whirligigs" is the last but one that will ever be placed. These stories come from the points of the compass it may be said, and while deeply hidden in the frolicsome humor of several are hints of a possibly sober, serious side to the situations these do not become more than hints. Others like "Girl," promising a tensely interesting lover's plea, "The Hypotheses of Failure," or Lawyer Gooch's sad mistake of judgment, "The Marry Month of May," wherein an old man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, "Suite Homes and Their Romance," a modern flat comedy and rather a burlesque on police methods, and "Tommy's Burglar," being a take-off on the insipid and badly battered vaudevillean stunt that did service for so long a time, are the height of the ridiculous. "Calloway's Code" is a merry tribute to the occasionally thoughtless brilliancy of newspaper men of which the war correspondent for the Enterprise in the Russo-Japanese war and Vesey, the "\$16 per" cub are the heroes. "The Whirligig of Life" is a quaint sketch, not so anomalous as it appears in its backwoods dress; the capers of the young savage, "Red Chief," the incorrigible bad boy who was kidnaped, will cause a feeling smile on the countenances of burnt ones and the satirical tone of the "Little Local Color," a skit in which the lingo of a typical college man in New York is matched with Bowery talk, is a caricature that, if not exactly truthful, has quite as much point. Could anything be farther removed from heart break than a comedy sketch? Yet O. Henry finds a sob in "The Song and the Sergeant." The dream of Dodson, the Wall street broker, in "The Roads We Take," is so singularly appropriate that the book lies forgotten for a space in resultant speculative thought. There is a mixture of tragedy in the operation of the peculiar code of justice in "A Technical Error," in the queer transaction and subsequent sacrifice by disreputable Yancey Goree for his feudal enemy and good friend, Colonel Coltrane, related in "A Blackjack Bargainer," in the elemental revenge of Johnny McRoy, or the Frio Kid, who softens at the supreme moment of opportunity and indirectly loses his life at the trembling hands of a frightened sheepstender, and of Mexico Sam, the desperado, who, dying, wiped out the evidence of crime from the record of a young counterfeiter in a most peculiar manner. Trifles, all these sketches, in which there are variety, perception and lightness that are delightfully restful and entertaining. To read one of Henry's books is to desire to know him better and to hear more of his fabrications, which, after all, are wonderfully human as well as ingenious. ("Whirligigs." By O. Henry. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Pretty Girl Papers"

"The Pretty Girl Papers" are not curl papers, but a series of interesting and useful talks by Dr. Emma E. Walker, addressed to young women, in which the author gives sound and simple advice on matters hygienic—the health of the body, mind and soul. Her suggestions are practical and applicable to all conditions of life. Often, in a work of this kind, there is much of a

"highfalutin" nature, but this book is eminently practical from start to finish. Besides the chapters on hygiene and the actual care of the body, such everyday matters as colds, nervousness, dieting, simple accidents, etc., are considered. Sound advice to the prospective bride is given, and a list of recipes for creams, sachets and toilet accessories included, which will delight all girls. Also space is devoted to warnings against nostrums, dyes and bleaches to be avoided. Dr. Walker gives a list of physical culture exercises, which will be sufficient for the average girl. There are a score of letters in which the writers tell of the various ways in which they found health. The advice is suitable for old as well as young. ("The Pretty Girl Papers." By Emma E. Walker, M.D. Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Rules of the Game"

It may be that "The Rules of the Game" will not appeal to the man who is contented with life in a dry goods store, nor yet to the woman who will, for vanity's sake, wear furs when the mercury stands above ninety in the shade. But for people who have a greater love for scenic grandeur than for a fashion show, and a longing to get back to nature, Stewart Edward White's latest story will prove intensely interesting. It is a sequel to "The Riverman," with the riverman's son, Bob, as the hero. The scene is shifted to the lumber camps of California, where Bob comes in touch with "California John" and Supervisor Plant, two characters made famous in the Forest Service stories, which appeared in serial form a year or so ago. Here, withstanding enormous bribes from the power trust, and braving great personal danger from their hired "gun men," Bob comes through with a whole skin and a clear conscience, winning the adorable Amy Thorne, as well as his points against the "interests." While not of the muck-raking order, the story reveals the author's grasp of the methods employed by public grafters to be as thorough as is his knowledge of the woods. By many "The Rules of the Game" will be regarded as Mr. White's masterpiece. Scarcely one of his previous books approaches it in human interest nor yet in educational value. There is no place in the six hundred and forty odd pages where one feels like laying the book aside until morning, and when it is finished one wishes the story were as long again. ("The Rules of the Game." By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Dorothy Dainty's Winter"

Dorothy Dainty is one of the best-known little girls in the United States, and that young girls' friend and prolific writer, Amy Brooks, has added another volume to the series. This is "Dorothy Dainty's Winter," in which the author, in her pleasing way, tells of the daily life of Dorothy and her little friends, several of whom are remembered in previous stories. There are the sweet little girls, the kind little girls, the odd little girls, the disagreeable ones and all the others. They attend Aunt Charlotte's school, where they are trained unconsciously in good taste and kindness, as well as in set lessons. As usual, there is the thrilling little plot introduced into the story, this time about "Jimmy Boy and the Brooch." The author always illustrates her own stories, and, consequently, the pictures exactly fit. ("Dorothy Dainty's Winter." By Amy Brooks. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

Magazines for November

"On the Political Firing Line," by Ray Stannard Baker, given first place in the November American, is an intelligent account of the new program and leadership of the progressives of the west. "An Intimate View of John D. Rockefeller" is by H. M. Briggs. Hugh S. Fullerton contributes another base-

News for Book Lovers

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The Creators: A Comedy.

BY MAY SINCLAIR


A group of brilliant London literary folk are the characters in the new novel by the author of "The Divine Fire," in which she propounds the question: "Is it possible for the man or woman of genius to marry, and sacrifice neither family happiness nor success in creative work?" Illustrated.....\$1.30

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ball article in "Seeking the .300 Hitter." In the "Interesting People" department, Los Angeles will find special interest in the sketch of Frank Wiggins, whose voice and pen have been devoted for years to giving publicity to the municipality he loves. Ida M. Tarbell has another of her revealing tariff articles, this one of the series being devoted to

"The Bulwark of the Wool Farce." "Masters of the Mind" is by H. Ad-dington Bruce. Short stories include "The Singing Gates," by Lucine Finch; "Phoebe Makes a Grand Tour," by Inez Haynes Gillmore; "The Gambler," by William Bullock; "Luxury," by Neith Boyce, and "The White Hand," by Richard Washburn Child.

Music

By Waldo F. Chase

Mr. Harley Hamilton, the Symphony Orchestra and those directly interested in its management, and the Los Angeles public, are to be congratulated upon the eminently successful program with which the orchestra's fourteenth season opened. Those who have watched the development of this organization from year to year, who have known intimately the many serious obstacles that have had to be overcome, and who have even felt that ultimate success was doubtful under existing circumstances, could but experience a vast degree of satisfaction that so nearly perfect a performance of a very taxing program is possible, with the musicians now under Mr. Hamilton's direction. They certainly proved themselves capable of attaining great heights, musically, and their future efforts will be looked forward to with much interest by the music-loving public. As the curtain rose, revealing the orchestra in position, one felt a sense of inspiration which presaged well for the concert to follow. The effect of the mass of men was heightened by a pleasing and artistic scenic background, which has been newly made for the orchestra, and is designed to project the sound toward the audience, instead of up into the space above the stage. The increase of sound volume is quite apparent, and the new arrangement will, no doubt, be of great value, not only to the orchestra, but especially to vocal soloists.

From the opening measures of the difficult fourth symphony of Tschai-kowsky, through the entire program, the performance was excellent. The strings were very sonorous, and if the brasses were at times a little too brassy, such careful practice as must have preceded this concert will presently overcome that fault. Perhaps the most charming thing of the afternoon was the Pizzicato Scherzo, the third movement of the symphony. It was given with remarkable accuracy of attack and intonation, and with an effect of richness and warmth one would almost think impossible in such a movement. The whole symphony, in fact, in spite of its length, was so well interpreted that it held the interest and attention of the audience throughout. The barbaric qualities of the Borodin and Rimsky-Korsakow numbers were well brought out by Mr. Hamilton, and the Teutonic rather than Russian music of the Feramorz Suite was agreeably if not remarkably interestingly given. It was a fine program, exceptionally well rendered, and Los Angeles may be proud to be one of the few cities in the United States to have a permanent orchestra deserving of the name. It often has been said that the remarkable development of Los Angeles is largely due to the fact that its citizens "pull together." The same can truthfully be said of the little band of enthusiasts who have given so liberally of their time and money to further the cause of good music, and to them, as well as to Mr. Hamilton, is due the large measure of success to which their efforts have attained. Special mention should be made of the excellent analytical programs provided for these concerts. Mr. Patterson's work is most interesting, as well as thorough, and a collection of such programs would be a valuable addition to the library of any music student.

Since last season the orchestra has suffered a serious loss in the death of Mr. Esberger, one of the first violinists, and of Mr. Joseph Boguert, the invaluable librarian of the organization. Though no formal notice was taken of their absence, it was keenly felt by many who missed them from their accustomed places. The second concert, to be given December 9, will include the fourth symphony of Beethoven, Massenet's "Air Poi de Luhere," the

Lenore Overture No. 3, an aria of Verdi, "Eri Tu," from the Ballo in Maschera, and the second Polonais of Liszt. Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, the eminent baritone, will be the soloist.

"La Boheme," the novelty offered by the Bevani Opera Company this week, was very creditably performed Tuesday evening. It is an opera of so much human interest and is musically so vastly superior to the hackneyed operas of the old Italian school, that it was rather regrettable that the audience was not larger. Still, a very good house listened to Puccini's lovely music with pleasure, and manifested its appreciation most heartily. Battain was an acceptable Rodolfo, and while his vocal attainments are hardly equal to so subtle a part, he, nevertheless, did some very refined work, and entered heartily into the interpretation of the character. Campana, as usual, was superb. He could hold his own in any cast. Francini was heard at her best as Mimi, and especially in the last act did excellent work; her death scene was very effectively done, and, in fact, the entire last scene could hardly be bettered. "Boheme" was given again Thursday evening and will be repeated Saturday afternoon.

Pavlowa and Mordkin, with their Imperial Russian Ballet and the orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, are the leading attraction next week. The fame of these unique artists has preceded them, and the demand for sittings will be enormous.

Mr. Frederick Stevenson, the well-known Los Angeles composer, has just published a new work for mixed voices. It is a "Danse Fantaisie" entitled "Ariel," and is most effectively and brilliantly worked out. Added to its ornate and elaborate voice parts, there is an unusually fine accompaniment for the piano. It should prove a valuable addition to the libraries of mixed choral societies.

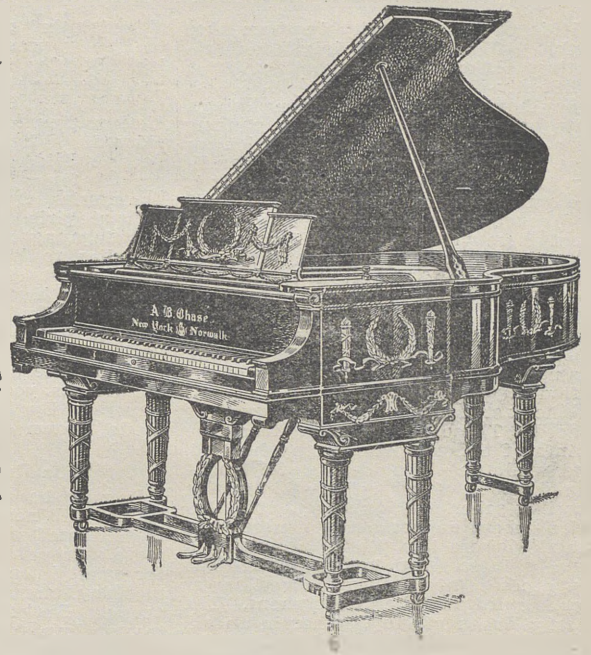
Mr. Archibald Sessions, who recently gave up his Christ church position and went to Europe for further study, has been appointed organist of the American church in Paris. Mr. Arthur Alexander, whose bench Mr. Sessions will now occupy, has been appointed to the Christ church vacancy. In a recent letter from Paris, a well-known Los Angeles musician writes of Mr. Alexander that he will be a valuable addition in every way to the musical fraternity in this city, being a most proficient organist and thorough musician.

In addition to its regular series of three concerts, the First Congregational orchestra will give a special concert Thursday evening, December 8. The program will be of more than ordinary interest inasmuch as it will consist entirely of numbers by local composers, including Pemberton, Schoenefeld, Stevenson, Mason and others. Three songs composed and arranged for orchestra by local composers, and interpreted by well-known soloists, will be a feature.

Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg, director of the Cumnock School of Expression, read the poem of "Hiawatha" in the presence of students and their guests Wednesday morning. Accompanying her on the piano was Mrs. Gertrude Ross, a former student of Cumnock, who has studied in America and abroad extensively. The atmosphere of the epic, with its simplicity and stateliness prevailed for an hour, diffused by the vocal interpretation and the music. All of the selections played were Indian except the one which stood for Minnehaha. The Omaha Warrior's Song was used as Hiawatha's theme, and this was repeated again and again throughout the interpretation. The Dance Song was the forest theme. For the hunting of the deer an Indian Scalping Song was used. A love song, full of soft, low tones was the background for Nokomis' love of Hiawatha, and the Arapahoe ghost dance

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was used for the famine theme. Often the reader was silent for many minutes while the music alone carried on the atmosphere, but for the most part the music was a vital part of Mrs. Grigg's splendid interpretation.

The program of the Orpheus Club's first concert, which will take place the evening of November 29, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Dupuy, will be as follows:

I Love Thee (T. Flaxington Harker), Orpheus Club; O, Mother Mine (Neidlinger); Meister Oluf (Madden), Le Cor (Flagler), Mr. Francis B. Chapman; Bugle Song (Dudley Buck), The Bold Fisherman, The Old Millwheel (Neidlinger), Mr. Stinton and Club; The Land of the Leat (Protheroe); Clouds, Sunshine (Shelling).

Mr. Rudolf Friml, the pianist, will be the soloist of the evening. Mr. Will Garroway will accompany at the piano, and Mrs. Ada March Chick at the organ.

Signor Lucchesi, whose recent song recital was so eminently successful, has, at the request of many friends, decided to give a second recital with his most talented pupils. He will give selections from the classic, romantic and operatic composers of the extremely modern as well as the older schools of composition, and will have the assistance of Mrs. Gertrude Ross at the piano, as well as a string orchestra. Signor Lucchesi has re-written the organ score of his Mass in E flat, which disappeared from the library of St. Vibiana's cathedral a year ago; the mass will be sung next Easter.

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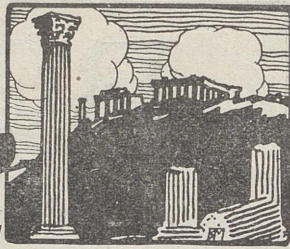
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

Ralph Davidson Miller—Steckel Gallery.
Arts & Crafts—Ebell Clubhouse.
Jean Mannheim—Hallett Gallery.
Eugene Torrey—Blanchard Gallery.

After eight months of total darkness, Blanchard Art Gallery was formally opened for the winter season Friday evening, November 18, by a reception and private view of Eugene Torrey's special exhibition of military subjects, painted at Camp Atascadero during the recent encampment of the N. G. C. The opening reception was a novel feature, being under the auspices of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., which conducted it along military lines. The gallery was profusely decorated with flags and various implements of modern warfare. A "canteen tent" was set up in the west room, from which punch was served by members of the hospital corps.

At the encampment Mr. Torrey had the good fortune to be the invited guest of General Bliss, which enabled him to secure the present collection of four oils and thirteen watercolor sketches of army life afield. Many of these are mere sketches, and several are only in partial state of completion, but all are broadly and vigorously treated and are full of life and action. Not a few of the studies shown were obtained with great difficulty as the rapid changing of positions in field maneuvers make sketching from life a singularly hard task. On several occasions Mr. Torrey was required to join the march and sketch while in motion, and two or three of the most successful pictures were painted during a rain storm and still bear the marks.

"A Council of War" is a small study in oil, taken during field maneuvers of the Seventh Regiment. This canvas depicts the reserve at Henry's Ranch, October 10, with Captain Duffy in command. The grouping of men and horses is picturesque and realistic, and the canvas abounds in happy color. This study will be reproduced in a large painting with group of officers from life. "Machine Gun in Action," showing officers and men of the signal corps directing an engagement, and "The Bivouac, Near Estrada Springs," a charming watercolor study, both bear the magic sign "sold." The purchaser is a prominent and progressive business man and art lover of Santa Ana. "On the Firing Line" is one of Mr. Torrey's most successful studies. It shows a line of soldiers in dull green uniforms, hugging the ground near the summit of a gently sloping hill. The rendering of the sky is a daring, yet truthful, note, and adds much real color charm to the harmony of the picture. "Bringing Up the Reserve" depicts a firing line stretching away in the distance, the reserve forces swinging into view at the extreme right at double-quick pace.

Briefly noting the watercolor group, "F Company, Black Horse Artillery" is a broadly handled subject well composed. "The Field" with an interesting arrangement of tents and horses in the foreground leads away to a company drilling in the dust-enveloped distance. "Quartermaster's Headquarters, From the Guardhouse," gives a glimpse of stacked guns and lounging men with sunflecked tent walls beyond. This sketch was taken from within the guardhouse. (Will the artist please explain?) The grouping of objects and the effect of light and shadows in the sketch called "The Guardhouse" are good. "Picket Line of Officers' Horses" is an interesting study with an admirable landscape background. "The Mess Call" and "The Seventh on Parade" are typical scenes of army life. "A Sunny By-Way" is an early morning landscape of out-of-doors charm. It is dainty, yet crisp and fresh. "The Seventh at Home in Camp" is a "gray day" study in which the sky is especially

well painted. "The Hospital Dispensary, Los Angeles Hospital Corps," is a colorful interior, well drawn and admirably treated. "A Quiet Game," an unfinished sketch, and four small figure studies of which "The Scout" is the most interesting, complete this unique collection.

Mr. Torrey is enthusiastic over this new field work, and hereafter purposes devoting his time and talent to painting military life exclusively. "I wish to be known henceforth as a military painter," he declared at his studio last week. "This is a new field and no other artist in the west has taken it up. I believe it has unlimited possibilities for artistic success and will interest a large majority of people of all classes." Mr. Torrey shows ten of his excellent European canvases in oils and watercolors, the majority of which have been seen before, but are worthy many showings. Lack of space forbids making mention of these in detail.

The loan exhibition held at the Woman's Clubhouse, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week proved a success in every way. This worthy showing was a feature of a recent convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs and was made possible through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Randall Hutchinson, chairman of the art committee of the Federation. It is Mrs. Hutchinson's plan to have each club buy at least one good canvas (let us suggest one by a local painter) each year, and contribute these toward the maintenance of a permanent exhibition of art. Capital idea!

The showing at the clubhouse was of varied interest. Most of the pictures were representative of their creators' best work, and many of the loans were masterpieces of eastern and foreign art. Franz A. Bischoff displayed a new canvas called "Cliffs at Laguna," which is one of this talented painter's best efforts. Benjamin C. Brown was represented by three new canvases, of which "Sea Breezes" was of rare interest. F. C. Coburn and William Swift Daniels showed one canvas each. J. Bond Francisco's "Sunlight and Shadow" was well hung, as were also three charming California landscapes by John W. Gamble. W. L. Judson sent a marine study and Jean Mannheim contributed a strong canvas called "Cheswick, London." Ralph Davidson Miller's one canvas, "La Crescenta," was not altogether representative of his best work, the interest of the picture being a trifle scattered. "Topango Canyon" is the title of Hanson Puthuff's one canvas, and Granville Redmond was represented by his well-known picture, "The Golden Hour." Of great interest were Warren E. Rollins' three masterful paintings, depicting Indian life. In "The Historian" and "The Land of His Fathers" I feel that Mr. Rollins has actually "arrived," and has here produced two great paintings of lasting art value. Later, I hope to give these canvases all the attention due them. Detlef Sammann showed an excellent copy of Rubens' "Portrait of an Old Bishop" and a group of four poetical interpretations of desert and Indian life from the brush of the late Frank P. Sauerwein attracted much merited praise. Martin Jackson, Norman St. Clair, Mary Stewart Dunlap and A. E. Kilpatrick were each represented by good work. Eight original drawings and a dozen photos of completed work in architecture by Robert David Farquhar were of great interest, and each was a true work of perfect art rendering. About twenty eastern and foreign painters of note were represented by one or more canvases in this exhibit.

An exhibition of ten portrait and ideal figure studies from the brush of Jean Mannheim opened at the Hallett Gallery, Blanchard Hall, Saturday, November 19, to continue to December 2. A number of these canvases are new



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and are among the best figure work to be found in the west. I strongly urge all art lovers to pay this meritorious display a visit. I will review these canvases at length next week.

Ebell Club will hold the annual arts and crafts exhibit and sale at its clubhouse, November 28, 29 and 30. Friends are invited to attend the opening reception and musical, Monday evening, November 28. The exhibit will be open to the general public from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday. The work shown will be of a high class, as it is the purpose of the club to make this exhibition one of true educational value. Opening day three notable lectures will be given on the subject. Miss Leta Horlocker will speak on "Arts and Crafts as They are Related to Everyday Life." "Handicraft in the Public Schools" is the subject chosen by Miss May Gearheart. Hector Alliot, Sc.D., will discourse on "The Craftsman of the Future." All who can should attend this exhibition.

The first individual exhibition of the season at the Steckel Gallery will be that of Ralph Davidson Miller, which opens Monday for a run of two weeks. Mr. Miller has made rapid strides in his art in the last two years, and the twenty canvases to be shown at this time will prove his versatility and strength. This exhibition will be well worth a visit.



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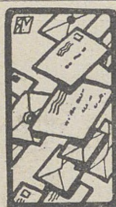
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Social & Personal



By Ruth Burke

This season's gaiety is being largely augmented by the many delightful affairs given in honor of the coterie of attractive debutantes. With few exceptions the pretty society buds this winter are making their formal bow to the smart set at large and brilliant functions, and each of the young maids is being charmingly feted by friends. Several of the young women have made their formal debut, including Miss Jane Rollins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins; Miss Amy Marie Norton, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. John H. Norton; Miss Katherine Spence, daughter of Mrs. E. S. Spence, and Miss Mary Goodrich Read, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Read. Others who will be introduced this season are Miss Mildred Burnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett, whose coming-out party will be a dance at Kramer's the evening of December 16; Miss Florence Wood, who will be guest of honor at a tea which her mother, Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of St. James Park, will give Tuesday afternoon, November 29; Miss Sally Bonner, niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, whose formal bow to society will be made at an affair which Mrs. Clark will give the afternoon of December 7; Miss Pauline Vollmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer, whose debut will be marked at a large and fashionable tea which Mrs. Vollmer will give the afternoon of December 2. Miss Sallie McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, will be introduced late in the winter at a dancing party given by her parents; Miss Katherine Banning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning, will be the guest of honor at a reception which her parents will give in the near future, and later Miss Banning will be honored with a large and brilliant ball, with which her uncle, Capt. William Banning, will entertain. Miss Juliet Borden, daughter of Mr. Sheldon Borden, will be formally introduced in the near future, and others who will be feted this season include Miss Lucile Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark; Miss Marjorie Utley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Utley; Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, and Miss Emma Conroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conroy. To this bouquet of buds, may be added several other names before the winter season is closed.

Among the merry round of affairs with which the young women are entertaining and being entertained will be the luncheon which Miss Marjorie Utley will give Thursday afternoon, December 1, in honor of Miss Jane Rollins, Miss Lucile Clark and Miss Elizabeth Hicks. Miss Katherine Stearns, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John E. Stearns of St. James Park, has issued invitations for a tea to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club, Saturday afternoon, December 3. Miss Evangeline Duque, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, will entertain with a theater party this afternoon at the Majestic, taking her guests later to tea. Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, who was hostess recently at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Lucile Clark, will entertain in the near future with a second affair for Miss Marjorie Utley.

Of interest to a large circle of friends was the marriage Tuesday evening of Miss Sarah Boothe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Boothe of Garfield avenue, South Pasadena, to Mr. Allan Gordon Bohanon of New York. The ceremony was celebrated at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, Rev. L. M. Idleman of Whittier reading the service. The decorations were elaborate and artistic. The chancel was arranged with hundreds of shaggy white chrysanthemums and ferns, banked with potted palms and plants. The reserved powers were marked with chrysanthemums and wide tulle ribbons, and the aisles were guarded with white satin ribbon streamers. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a gown of white satin charmeuse with long train and lace trimmed. She

carried a shower of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Earl Y. Boothe, sister-in-law of the bride, was matron of honor, wearing her own wedding gown of white chiffon cloth and carrying a muff of maidenhair ferns, with sprays of lilies of the valley. Miss Harriett Boothe, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and was attired in a gown of pale green satin, veiled with crystal net, carrying a muff of ferns and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Misses Gertrude King, Alice Middleton, Clara Vickers and Helen Dickinson, and all were gowned similar to the maid of honor, in pale green. Mr. Earl Y. Boothe was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Sterling Boothe, Jay Boothe, Raymond Gould of Los Angeles, Bert Howell of San Francisco, George Jaeger, Terry Barker and Frank von Tesmer of San Diego. Following the church ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, and here the decorations were in white and green, roses, carnations, lilies of the valley and ferns being artistically arranged. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Bohanon will return to Los Angeles for a brief visit before going to New York to make their home. Mr. and Mrs. Boothe have issued invitations for a reception to be held at the California Club, December 1, in honor of their son-in-law and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Bohanon plan to go abroad next spring, passing the summer in Switzerland.

In honor of Miss Jane Rollins and Miss Elizabeth Hicks, two of the season's coterie of charming debutantes, Miss Conroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conroy of 500 West Thirtieth street entertained Wednesday with a luncheon. Places were marked with pretty monogram cards and the decorations were in pink carnations and greenery. Guests, besides Miss Rollins and Miss Hicks, included Mrs. Guy Barham and Misses Katherine Stearns, Amy Marie Norton, Sally McFarland, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Mary Walker, May Rhoades, Madeline King, Marjorie Utley, Marie Bobrick, Lucile Clark, Mary Lindley, Kate Van Nuys, Juliet Borden, Katherine Banning, Sally Bonner, Florence Clark, Alice Cline, Elizabeth Helm, Virginia Garner, Bernard, Evangeline Duque, Clarisse Stevens, Florence Brown, Louise Lenz, Nora Forthmann and Fanny Todd Carpenter.

Mrs. Herman W. Hellman and daughter and son, Miss Amy Hellman and Mr. Irving Hellman, are at Hotel Leighton for the winter, or until the completion of their new home at Wilshire boulevard and New Hampshire street.

Mrs. Alfred Solano has issued invitations for a reception to be given at her home on South Figueroa street, Monday afternoon, December 5, in honor of Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens and Miss Stevens.

Misses Edna and Gladys Letts, the attractive daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood, are visiting in San Francisco with friends.

In honor of Mrs. George Goldsmith, who is returning to the stage after several years of retirement to private life, Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover and Miss Louella Conly entertained Wednesday with a prettily appointed luncheon at the California Club. The two hostesses are authors of the clever little sketch which was given its try-out production at the Orpheum this week, and in which Mrs. Goldsmith, known to the stage as Lillian Burkhardt, will go on the coast circuit. The table decorations were in sweetpeas, pink being the predominating color. Places were set for Meses. George Goldsmith, O. P. Clark, David C. McCann, Charles Modini-Wood, Boyle Workman, Sidle Lawrence, Lavina Graham, Louis Ernest Dreyfus, Julius Schaezel, Miss Cleo Madison and the hostesses.

Mrs. Joseph D. Radford of West Adams street was hostess this week at two handsomely appointed bridge luncheons, these being the concluding affairs of a series of four. Tuesday

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afternoon her guest of honor was Mrs. Samuel D. Mendenhall of Montana. The last of the series was given the following day.

Guests of the Hotel Darby and their dinner guests enjoyed a concert Thanksgiving evening, through the courtesy of the hotel management. Artists who contributed to the program were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott and Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus.

Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of Wilshire boulevard will be hostess at a large tea to be given at her home Saturday afternoon, December 31. Later in the afternoon the young men will be invited in to enjoy the dance which will be a feature.

Mrs. Lawrence Burck was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea given at her home in Wilshire place in compliment to Mrs. Ransford Lewis of Buffalo, N. Y., who has come to Los Angeles to make her future home. Cut flowers and ferns were used in the table decorations and guests included Meses. James R. H. Wagner, Paul de la

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake, who have been guests at Hotel Alexandria since coming up to the city from their extended stay at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, will move into their own home on Hoover street next week. Mrs. Drake has just returned from a short trip to Bakersfield and Miss Pinita Drake is visiting at present with friends in Riverside.

Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee was hostess

Wednesday at a prettily appointed luncheon given at her home, 987 Magnolia avenue, the affair being in compliment to Mrs. W. A. Clark. The decorations were in pink and green, a cluster of blossoms and sprays of ferns forming the table centerpiece. Besides the guest of honor there were present: Meses. Joseph A. Clark, Walter M. Clark, Thomas E. Gibbon, John H. Norton, George E. Burton, Henry Albers, James H. Adams and Miss Annis Van Nuys.

In honor of Mrs. Leila Burton Wells, daughter of Gen. and Mrs. George H. Burton, whose play, "The Case of Sergeant Wilde," is being presented at the Belasco Theater, Judge and Mrs. Erskine Mayo Ross of Wilshire boulevard entertained with a loge party Monday evening, taking their guests to supper at the Alexandria afterward. The table was artistically decorated with flowers and ferns, the place cards and ices representing United States buglers, suggestive of the military setting of the drama. The guests included Mrs. Leila Burton Wells, Gen. and Mrs. George H. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswig, Miss Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Dr. A. Macleish, Mr. Hancock Banning and Mr. Allan Hancock.

Society in large numbers attended the opening performance of Mrs. Wells' play at the Belasco and among the several parties given was one at which Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee were host and hostess. They entertained their guests at dinner at their home on Magnolia avenue, going thence to the theater. Besides Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee, were Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. Joseph Clark and Maj.-Gen. J. S. Story.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys was another hostess of the evening, entertaining in honor of Mrs. John William Dwight, who is the house guest of her mother, Mrs. Emmaline Childs of West Adams street. Afterward, a supper was enjoyed at the Alexandria, the guests including Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus W. Redman, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen V. Childs, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Kate Van Nuys, Mr. Philo Lindley, Mr. Kay Crawford, Mr. George Ennis, the hostess and the guest of honor.

Gen. and Mrs. Charles D. Viele of Raymond avenue gave a loge party at the theater, followed by a supper at the Alexandria, and their guests were Maj. and Mrs. John H. Norton and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins.

With Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood was another party, including Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. John Mott, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Sallie Bonner, Miss Florence Wood, Mr. Neil Brown, Mr. Nat Head, Mr. George Reid and Mr. Harry Blackmore. Supper was served after the performance at the Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark of the Hotel Darby entertained with a theater party at the Belasco Theater, Monday evening, their guests including Miss Inez Clark, Miss Lucile Clark, Mr. James Page, Mr. Roy Wheeler and Mr. Byron Stookey.

Mrs. Frank E. Walsh and her daughter, Miss Virginia Walsh of 403 South Alvarado street have returned from a delightful visit of two months in the north. While away they visited with Mrs. Walsh's sisters, Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of Piedmont and Mrs. Charles Overton of San Francisco.

One of the most delightful of the week's society events was the tea given Monday afternoon by Mrs. Walter Raymond and Mrs. Samuel Jackson Whitmore at the Alexandria. The hostesses were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Meses. Edward L. Doheny, Boyle Workman, West Hughes, John H. Norton, John J. Byrne, Thomas Caldwell Bldgway, Walter Lindley, Adams, Rea Smith and the Meses Florence Wood, Amy Marie Norton and Katherine Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Longyear of 3555 Wilshire boulevard have as their house guest, Mrs. Frank Wingfield of Yokohama, Japan. Mrs. Wingfield and her husband formerly lived in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Workman, Jr., are guests at Hotel Darby pending the completion of their own home on Boyle avenue. This afternoon Mrs. Workman will be the guest of honor

at a reception and card party which Mrs. Boyle Workman will give at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns of 3538 Wilshire boulevard have issued invitations for a house warming, Thursday evening, December 1. The affair will be a "Salmagundi" party.

Mr. Homer Laughlin and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin have returned from a brief stay at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson have returned from their trip around the world and are onw at the home of Mrs. Robinson's mother, Mrs. Nathaniel Dryden in Manhattan place. They were away from the city about fourteen months.

Mrs. G. A. Olshausen of 1505 St. Andrews place has issued cards for an "at home," Thursday afternoon, December 1, from 3 until 5 o'clock.

Mrs. W. J. Brodrick and her daughter, Mrs. Walter J. Schmahl, will be at home to their friends at 1936 South Figueroa street the first and second Wednesdays in December. Mrs. Schmahl, who was Miss Francesca Brodrick, was a bride of the early summer, and is receiving now for the first time since her marriage.

Miss Rae Belle Morlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morlan of Manhattan place, and Miss Alice Cline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Cline of Figueroa street, returned the first of the week from a month's visit in San Francisco and Berkeley. They were the guests of the Gamma Phi Beta Sorority at both Stanford and Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and Mr. Sidney Smith, Jr., are expected to return December 3 from a summer's travel through Japan and the Philippines. They will be at home at 650 South Burlington avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Myer Siegel of 1041 Magnolia avenue is in New York city for a visit. She will return home before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cook of Marshalltown, Iowa, are guests at the Hampden Arms for the winter season. They also will visit with their daughter, Mrs. B. C. Gordon of 987 Manhattan place.

In honor of Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., Mrs. William Bayly of the Hotel Darby will entertain with a luncheon at the Hotel Alexandria, Friday afternoon, December 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flint of this city have taken a bungalow at Oak Knoll for the winter. Mrs. Flint formerly was Miss Margaret Gray, niece of Mr. Harry Gray of Oak Knoll.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathew William Harper of 2020 Magnolia avenue have returned from a two months' eastern trip.

Mrs. Robert Boyd Dunsmore and little son, Master Donald Dunsmore of 3007 Halldale avenue, have gone to Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel for a sojourn of a week or two. They will be joined for the week-end by Mr. Dunsmore.

Miss Brownie Coulter, the attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coulter of South Figueroa street, has returned from the north, where she has been attending school.

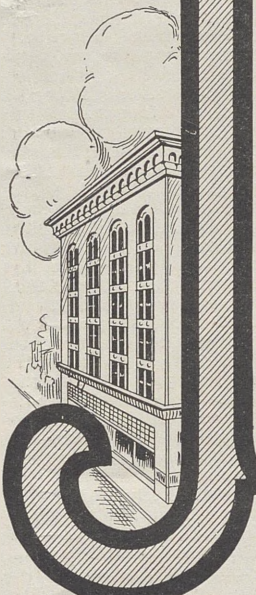
Recent arrivals at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, include the following Los Angelenos: Mr. R. H. Ballard, Mr. Crandall, Mrs. H. Kuhn, Mrs. Henry C. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Reid, Mrs. F. Higgins, Mr. J. M. Gilbert, Mr. Fritcher, Mr. Homer Laughlin, Jr., Mr. C. R. White, Mr. Harry E. Andrews, Mrs. H. E. Andrews, Miss Harriet Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Wilson, Mrs. Herbert E. Law, Miss Brown, Mrs. Helen C. Narragang, Mr. Charles Rankin, Miss Patricia Burke, Dr. A. P. Wilson.

Among the recent arrivals at the Arrowhead Hotel, Arrowhead Hot Springs, are included the following Los Angeles folk: Mr. Cyrus B. Lewis, Mr. John M. Gardner, Miss Ida F. Lamb, Mr. F. J. Tyler, Mr. A. P. Vaughn, Mr. C. A. Dopp, Mr. A. Hasmer, Mr. C. R. Roegner, Mr. T. E. Phelps, Mr. C. E. Cook, Mr. A. M. MacDermott, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and son, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hurtt, Mr. John Combe, Hollywood; Mr. W. D. Bennett, Mr. Francis J. Conary, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, Miss Helen Duque, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Longyear, with Mrs. Frank Wingfield of Yokohama, Japan; Miss Jennie Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. Getzoff, Mr. and Mrs. Levy,

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At Mount Washington

Mrs. M. F. Ihmsen was a dinner guest of Mrs. Porter at Hotel Mt. Washington this week.

Mr. Waldo D. Johnson of Los Angeles was a guest for dinner at the hotel Sunday evening.

Mrs. B. Ford and Miss Smith of this city were guests of Mrs. V. Kennedy Sunday at the hotel.

Dr. and Miss Keep entertained Dr. Frank Bullard, Dr. Rose Bullard, Dr. John Dunsmoor and Dr. N. Dunsmoor at dinner this week.

W. S. Swenson of this city is passing a week at the hotel. Guests of the hotel were entertained in a charming manner Sunday evening with the singing of Mrs. B. Ford.



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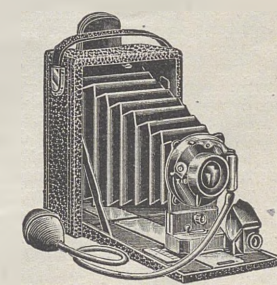
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In presenting, for the first time on any stage, Mrs. Leila Burton Wells' military melodrama, "The Case of Sergeant Wilde," the Belasco forces, under the able direction of Harry Andrews, have done their utmost to insure popular favor for the first offering of a new local aspirant to dramatic fame. It is not their fault that unqualified success failed to crown their efforts. At the opening production, Monday night, a brilliant and friendly audience was gathered to greet Mrs. Wells' initial essay in playwriting, and it saw much to commend, but, also, much to criticize. It was delighted with the stage settings, the faithful attention to military details, particularly the guard relief on its grand rounds, and the solidly atmosphere generally that pervaded the play, but the verdict was nearly unanimous that Sergeant Wilde's case is in a literary rather than in a dramatic form, and must be materially altered and re-written before it can hope to attain great popularity with the mass of theatergoers.

Its main faults are want of continuity of action and the prominence given to trivialities, to the inevitable minifying of the real dramatic moments of the piece. Thus, at the outset, the by-play between Laurel Irving, niece of the colonel in command of the post, and her friend, Marjorie Knox, while pretty enough, is inconsequential, and adds nothing to the unfolding of the play, save as it reveals Captain Desmond's proposal to Laurel. Julian Allen, son of the colonel, afterward Sergeant Wilde, as the leading character, demands more attention than the author vouchsafes. The audience learns that he has been gambling and is in debt, but the momentary advent of the keeper of a low groggery near Fort Meade, who walks on and off the stage, is the only suggestion given of the type of ruffians with whom the young man has consorted to his undoing. Mrs. Wells, doubtless, knows Fort Meade, and has heard of the vile haunts that sprung up in the vicinity of the army post with the abolition of the soldiers' canteen, thanks to the unwise intervention of misguided temperance women. So notorious were these resorts that "Scoop-town," as the collection of shacks was known, was given a wide berth by all men of gentle breeding. It takes a big stretch of fancy to imagine the colonel's son, by no means wholly depraved, frequenting the pernicious gambling hells just outside the reservation, and hobnobbing with enlisted men—the chief patrons—and the scum of civilization gathered there to rob the common soldiers. If Julian must gamble, there was the officers' club, to which he would be more than welcome, where stakes would be as high as he cared to go and his I. O. U. received without a question in case of bad luck. Reasons for his desertion of the post could easily be found in the threatened disclosure of his debts to the colonel by an unprincipled officer, who might pose as the suitor for the hand of Laurel. These are details which must occur to one who knows the locality treated, and if the verities are to be maintained.

Another prolonged triviality is in the labored effort of the Filipino to talk in broken English to the orderly at Colonel Allen's headquarters at Manila. The audience has to strain to catch the drift of his remarks, which are to the effect that Miss Irving is still mourning the loss of Julian, although five years have elapsed since he is supposed to have been drowned in San Francisco bay, in a collision of ferry boats. This information might be less painfully (to the audience) conveyed and with greater celerity, thereby allowing more time to the exploitation of things that really count. It is indicated that since his son's supposed death the colonel has mellowed and is far less austere than was his wont when his boy ran away, afraid to face him. Yet, when Sergeant Wilde is brought in, from another province, a prisoner, charged with having sold

government rations entrusted to his care, although with a fine record for bravery under fire, the colonel's actions hardly bear out this implied change in his mental outlook. Recognizing his delinquent son in the sergeant, his burst of joy changes quickly to gloom when he considers the accusations that lie against him. Julian earnestly and graphically declares his innocence and explains how he has shouldered the guilt of a youngster whose widowed mother would grieve at the disgrace.

Does the colonel believe Julian? Apparently, yes, but because the latter assures the father that it is useless to attempt to prove his innocence, and unmoved by the emotional appeals of Laurel, who has come in and learned of her lover's reappearance and plight, he signs the papers turning the sergeant's case over to a military court martial. Is this the natural act of a father and a colonel entrusted with great responsibilities? Would he not, instead of sawing the air and exclaiming in raucous tones, have called in his adjutant, sifted the testimony to the bottom and disproved the charges. It may be argued that the Quixotic stand taken by Julian would prevent this procedure, but the facts were in the colonel's possession, and as Julian's protegee was shown to be unworthy the sacrifice, what was there to cause hesitation? It is submitted that the colonel's action was not only unfatherly, but inconsistent with his duty. Having the facts from the lips of his restored son, the least he could do was to pursue them relentlessly, regardless of Julian's attitude.

Act three will never do, as Mrs. Wells must realize after viewing it in all its hopelessness Monday night. Just when the tension should be keenest, with the hero in the guard house and his sweetheart impatient to effect a meeting or insure his escape, a bit of comedy is introduced that utterly ruins the situation. Marjorie, married to a fat captain, who allows her to do as she pleases, is flirting with the officer of the day, a pert West Pointer, presumably with the intent to aid Laurel in her plans. Appears her husband, Captain Ritchie, who demands that she go home with him. She rebels until he seizes her wrist and insists, whereupon, so delighted at this unexpected display of authority, she capitulates, and, sending word to Laurel that she "must go home," marches off, presumably to revel in her new-found sensation, leaving Laurel to do the best she can. It is good comedy, but unhappily interpolated. The audience has lost interest in Julian and Laurel by this time, and nothing happens save that Captain Desmond, the adjutant, in a scene that cannot be accepted as other than farcical, agrees to help Julian to escape on the promise that Laurel will give herself to him. He even turns over the keys to the new guardhouse and accommodates the prisoner with his own revolver, explaining where he is to hide in the native church until the search for him is over. It is all so improbable, so at variance with the character of Captain Desmond, as depicted, that it convinces nobody.

Finally, the scene in the deserted church, wherein the adjutant adjures Julian to blow out his brains, to the end that Laurel may not ruin her life by grieving for a scapegrace, since he has no future worth while, is marred by the awkward colloquy between the two men, each of whom seems to realize the unnaturalness of the situation. In Desmond's absence, Laurel appears and, throwing herself into Julian's arms, vows that nothing shall separate them, although an hour before she has pledged herself to the captain, his rival. In a fine burst of eloquence, Julian (Lewis Stone) tosses away the revolver, declares his intention of fighting his way back to respectability and so be deserving of her love, giving this answer to Desmond, when the adjutant returns to learn his decision. The curtain falls with Julian retreating in

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the direction of the post, presumably to yield himself to the authorities.

From this it will be seen that striking situations and great possibilities exist in the play of which the best advantages have not been taken. Purposely, this critic has remorselessly set forth the inequalities that are to be discerned, hoping that Mrs. Wells, for whose talents he has a high respect, may lose no time in adjusting them. The dialogue, too extended in spots, is good, although the tendency to employ bookish phrases is a fault that needs amending, but judicious pruning and revamping can easily remedy this defect. The curtains are forced and need to be rearranged for more dramatic exits than are now permitted. While there are many crudities, due to inexperience, there are few banalities, and a courageous determination to "make over" the play cannot fail to result advantageously. Lapses in diction, such as the erroneous use of the pronoun "I" for "me," on two occasions, should be corrected; they jar and are unnecessary. All this is said because of the interest the play incites and for the reason that Mrs. Wells' undeniable talents can certainly evolve a fine acting melodrama out of the material she has massed—at present not dramatically nor sequentially enough to prove effective.

Lewis Stone is at home in a uniform, particularly if it be of khaki material. Having served in the Philippines, he is on familiar ground when as Sergeant Wilde he, faces Colonel Allen. His forceful, dramatic rendering of the rather stilted lines in the last act imparts life to the text that, uttered by a less accomplished actor, would have been rather tepid stuff. This serious work is in marked contrast to the urgent impetuosity displayed in the first

act so naturally. Mr. Yerance is an impressive looking colonel, but in the second act he sadly overplays; more reserve of manners would greatly enhance the effectiveness of the scene. This also may be said of Eleanor Gordon's emotional work in the same act. Her pitch was too high at the outset, and before the climax was reached she was "all in," to employ a colloquialism. Her work in the first act was charming, however, and save for the defect noted, generally satisfactory. Helen Sullivan's Marjorie Knox is in her best vein. It is not her fault that the comedy she interprets is injected at an inopportune time. Frank Camp is an interesting Captain Desmond, although a trifle too serious. There should be more toning to his work. It is all in one key. The Captain Ritchie of John J. Kennedy is a caricature. Charles Ruggles gives a genuine picture of injured vanity as the newly-joined officer, and Richard Vivian's make-up as Bill Jakes, the "Scoop-town" saloonkeeper, is capitally done. Charles Giblyn as Pedro, a muchacho, and Adele Farrington, as a Filipino "daughter of the regiment," lend good local color by their excellent portrayals. Mr. Robert Brunton has added to his reputation by the stunning stage settings and for the fine presentation generally great credit must be accorded to Mr. Andrews, the stage manager.

"Little Eyolf" at the Majestic
Impressions gained of Nazimova's art as disclosed on her former visit to Los Angeles, when her portrayal of Hedda Gabler, Nora Helmer in the "Doll's House" and the "Countess Coquette" demonstrated beyond cavil her right to high stellar honors, are more than confirmed by her remarkable work as Rita Allmers in "Little Eyolf," her opening selection at the Majestic this week. It

is a wonderful piece of acting, in which the tormented soul of the young wife and mother is bared by a process so subtle, so illuminating, that it holds the auditors with a grip that never relaxes until the final curtain. Her lithe, sensuous figure, her expressive features, large, lustrous eyes and speaking hands irresistibly appeal to the perceptions and measurably heighten the effect of her consummate art. No other actress before the American public today has the temperamental qualities so strongly developed, combined with the compelling talent, which is of near kin to genius, possessed by this magnetic woman.

In "Little Eyolf" the masterly technique of the great Scandinavian dramatist is strikingly apparent. Inexorably, the play moves onward to its climax, with never a deviating line or superfluous suggestion to deflect or becloud the purpose. Rita is the wife of Alfred Allmers, a man of means, with literary

Little Eyolf!" and the curtain falls on the agony of the parents.

In the two succeeding acts are revealed the remorseful workings of Alfred's mind, his morbid admissions to his step-sister, in which he tells her that his love for Rita is dead and that she must never leave them alone together. Asta explains why she cannot remain; that she has found letters from her mother, disclosing the fact that Alfred's father is not her father, hence they are not related. Secretly loving Alfred, she decides that she must leave his house, and in company with Engineer Borgheim, who has long wanted to marry her, she resolutely bids farewell to her cherished idol. Meanwhile, Rita and Alfred have had another of their many discussions concerning their drowned boy, in one of which it is disclosed that his physical defect was the result of a fall, when, as a baby, he was left unattended, his mother at that moment lavishing caresses on the



ANNA PAVLOWA, RUSSIA'S GREATEST DANSEUSE, AT AUDITORIUM

tendencies. They have one child, Eyolf, a cripple. The father returns from a journey, imbued with lofty thoughts and plans for the boy's future. His wife resents this concentration, in which her physical charms are ignored and in a passionate outburst she declares she wishes Eyolf were dead. Presently enters the Rat-Wife, a sort of feminine piper of Hamelin, who tells of her skill in ridding the hamlets of rats, luring them to their destruction by drowning, the recital of which seems to have a peculiar fascination for the child. When the Rat-Wife, rested, goes out, Eyolf follows her, unnoticed, on his crutch. In the midst of a harrowing scene between husband and wife, in which Rita has fiercely enunciated her desire that none shall come between them, excited voices are heard arising from the beach, over which the rear balcony of the sitting room extends. They stop to listen. Asta Allmers, Alfred's half-sister, rushes in to say a crutch has been found floating on the surface of the fjord. With a horror-stricken cry, Rita calls "It is

child's father. Alfred cruelly recalls this scene and accuses her of being the indirect cause of Eyolf's death, since but for his shrunken leg he would have been able to swim. In this scene Nazimova is at the perihelion of her powers and in a thrilling burst of emotion, represents the unfair thrust. They grow further apart. Alfred marvels what there is in the scheme of the universe that demands Eyolf's life, and he refuses to bow to the will of the Infinite. He announces that he will go away, leaving Rita to her own devices. She hears the piteous moans of the poverty-stricken children on the beach, beaten by their drunken fathers and by a wonderful reawakening of the maternal spirit in her, tells Alfred that it is they to whom she will devote herself, ameliorating their wretched lot, giving them a taste of Eyolf's comforts, of his playthings, of a mother's love. Alfred cannot believe his ears. He is arrested in his projected flight, approaches nearer to the inspired woman, and from an overcharged heart declares that he, too, will stay and help her in her chosen

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work; that they have been too selfish, have ignored their poor neighbors too long, and that now he understands why

Eyolf lived and died as he did. It was to effect their spiritual uplift. Brandon Tynan's work is a rare com-

plement to Nazimova's art. He is the big dreamer, the dweller on the great heights, amid the vast wastes, to the letter and his intellectual portrayal of the remorseful father could hardly have been bettered. Seldom is it one's privilege to sit before so accomplished an actor. The company is well selected. Elsie Esmond has a beautiful voice and her placid exterior, hiding a perturbed heart, shows an excellent appreciation of the character. Gertrude Berkeley is convincing as the Rat-Wife. Fred L. Tiden gives a breezy portrait of the roadmaster, Borgheim, and George Tobin naturally and effectively depicts Little Eyolf. Beautiful stage settings serve to augment the good work of the company. Other characters to be assumed by Nazimova at this engagement are Nora Helmer, and Fanny Theren in Arthur Schnitzler's "The Fairy Tale." S. T. C.

"Grand Army Man" at the Burbank
At the Burbank this week is being featured "A Grand Army Man," the play David Warfield made famous. The attraction is well staged and equally as well presented. Byron Beasley may lack the subtle voice shading of Warfield, whose portrayal of the part is incomparable, yet he gives a most praiseworthy study, and one of the best delineations of his local career. As Wes Rigelow, commander U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., Mr. Beasley's really delightful bit of work might be bettered only in the instance where he tells his adopted son's sweetheart of his own youthful romance, wherein the boy's mother was the woman of his adoration. His tones should be lowered, and he should take care to guard from a strident, recitative delivery. The play has no role for a leading woman, and, despite the fact that Marjorie Rambeau as an actress has the capabilities to give a likeable portrayal of Hallie Andrews, she nevertheless, is miscast in a part which should fall to the ingenue. Harmon MacGregor finds a congenial role in the character of Robert, Wes' adopted son. His interpretation is all that could be asked, the part being happily modeled to fit the actor. Howard Scott does commendable work as Jim Bishop, the town constable and adjutant of the G. A. R. post. David Hartford as Judge Andrews, Peter Lang as Cory Gilbert, Willis Marks as Let Pettigill, David Landau as Captain Bestor, Frederick Gilbert as Rogers Wellman, and H. S. Duffield as Hickman, a veteran from the Home, all do satisfactory work. Mr. Duffield imparting an especially artistic touch to his portrayal of the blind old soldier. Louise Royce Florence Oberle and Ethel von Waldron are adequate in their respective roles.

Countess de Swirsky's Art

If one had not seen Maud Allan first, it would be an easy matter to rave over Tamara de Swirsky, the Russian countess, who has given two exhibitions of unclad dancing at the Auditorium this week. But the pretty countess has not that same rippling rhythm of muscular motion that made the Allan work a keen delight. She is far more comely than her forerunner, younger and more intense, but her dances have a touch of immaturity and are not worked out to their proper climaxes. Her piano interpretation in the "Tanagra," Tuesday afternoon, was a fiery interlude that swept the audience to its feet and created more enthusiasm than her terpsichorean efforts. Her orchestra, under the able direction of that master, Henry Ohlmeyer, provided a musical treat, and rivaled the danced in popularity.

"Spring Chicken" at the Grand

Ferris Hartman is disporting himself in "The Spring Chicken" at the Grand Opera House. It would need a magnifying glass to discover the plot to this comedy, but so long as the comedian and his able associates offer their tuneful melodies and their own particular brand of interpolated humor, the plot has nothing to do with the situation. Mr. Hartman ambles wittily though his lines as Ambrose Girdle, and rambles more or less melodiously through a number of songs. Wee Muggins Davies is a delectable Rosalie, and her burlesque of "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" is as good a thing as she has done. If one can close one's eyes and listen to Myrtle Dingwall's charming voice, one could be content. But it is sad to see her in an unbecoming blonde wig that makes a ghastly change in her appearance. The frisky Gustave, whose

thoughts turn lightly to love when the swallows fly, is in Walter De Leon's element, and he makes the most of his opportunity. High in the favor of the audiences is Marta Golden as the wife of the amorous Ambrose, and her singing of "I Can Guess," proves the hit of the performance. A "kid" song, accompanied by a fascinating little dance, is that interpolated by Hartman, Hazel Hastings and Hazel Boyd. Beautiful costumes are features of the production, especially those worn by the statuesque Josie Hart in her character of the divorce-seeking baroness.

"What Every Woman Wants"

One of the events of the week in dramatic circles was the production at the Orpheum, Tuesday afternoon, of a new sketch, "What Every Woman Wants," by two local writers, Mrs. Madge Clover and Miss Louella Conly, which serve as a vehicle for the reappearance of that favorite vaudeville star, Lillian Burkhart. Miss Burkhart has been given splendid opportunity in this playlet. She assumes the role of a maid, who has been deserted by her husband, and who is working courageously to support herself and her child. Discovering that her mistress, who is an unloved wife, is about to elope with a man who



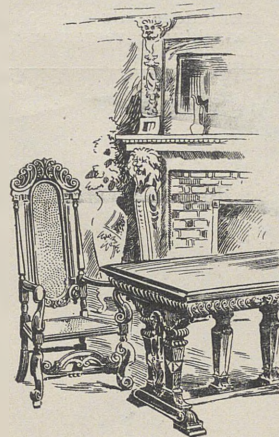
AUGUSTA GLOSE, AT ORPHEUM

promises her the sunshine of life without the shadows, the maid, in her simple, faltering way, attempts to show the woman the emptiness of the promises. Just as she has nearly persuaded her mistress to deny the man, his chauffeur arrives to take her to the steamer. The temptation is too strong—the woman gives way. The maid recognizes her runaway husband in the chauffeur and pleads with him to refuse to take the woman. His better nature is reached—he declines to assist in the elopement. Together he and his wife watch her retire to her room, defeated and heart-weary. Then the maid turns to her husband, womanlike, forgiving and condoning, and the curtain falls on their reconciliation. It is a pretty story, strongly told. Its one fault is lack of condensation. It is not easy to hold the gallery gods with "highbrow" sketches, yet Tuesday afternoon the one sign of restlessness shown was during the lengthy conversation between the maid and the mistress. Spontaneous applause from both gallery and parquet indicated that the playlet "caught on." A little judicious pruning is the one thing needed. Miss Burkhart's work is excellent. She is charming in her gingham gown, and gives the part subtle touches in speech and action that enhance the good work of the playwrights. Just the contrast needed is afforded by Cleo Madison, who plays the mistress, the cultured woman of beauty, attired in the garments of fashion and frivol. Stanley Twist is not so satisfactory. A more mature actor is needed to lend verisimilitude to the role. The initial effort on the part of these local authors arouse a desire to see further work from their pens—with as delightful an interpreter as Miss Burkhart in the leading roles. A headline attraction on this week's bill is Augusta Glose, who is popular to a

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degree. Miss Glose has a way with her, but her little squeak of affectation robs her songs of much of their merit. She is beautifully gowned and good to look upon, and without doubt is clever, but should eschew that little oddity of singing. There is nothing subtle about Willard Simms in "Flinder's Furnished Flat," but it would make a statue grin in sympathy. Flinders attempts to paper the room and his success in scattering mucky paste and torn wallpaper over the entire stage is frankly funny. It is horseplay, but it is productive of hearty laughs. Skillful tumbling and unesthetic comedy mark "The Continental Waiter," a pantomime sketch in which the Spissell Brothers and their assistants give the audience many opportunities for laughter. Nothing new is seen in the work of Leona Thurber and Harry Madison, who have a pointless inanity, "On a Shopping Tour." Holdovers are the lying Martins, John P. Wade & Company, Quinn & Mitchell, and La Tortajada. C. R.

Enjoyable Bill at the Los Angeles

Franklin Ardell & Company head the Los Angeles bill this week and present a thoroughly enjoyable sketch of the mirth-provoking variety, entitled "The Suffragette." Vying for popularity is the satirical classic, "Vacation Time," offered by Roland Carter & Company. The setting shows a penitentiary interior, wherein are confined in adjoin-

ing cells, an Irishman and a Swede. Jokes, quips and two or three musical numbers comprise their act, which is insatiably encored. Alex Brisson in equilibristic and contortion feats wins favor. Kate Fowler entertains with three or four piano selections and an interpolation of "songologues;" Christy & Lee, melodious novelists; Hetty Urma, in boy impersonations and songs, with two sets of laugh-o-scope pictures complete a bill of considerable merit.

Offerings for Next Week

American amusement lovers are forever demanding novelty, and Manager Behymer of the Auditorium feels that he can appease their cry when Anna Pavlova, Mikial Mordkin and the Imperial Russian ballet come to his theater next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with a special matinee Thursday and a regular matinee Saturday. Their programs include operas, or plays, especially written for interpretation through the medium of the national Russian art. Europe raved over these dancers, and the eastern cities of this country have done the same. Columns of newspaper publicity have been given them, and they have been universally exploited as the real exponents of "the poetry of motion." Anna Pavlova and Mikial Mordkin are the czar's favorite dancers. They are supported by a ballet of thirty, recruited from the Imperial

Opera House of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with a dozen solo dancers and an ensemble of sixty people. Three programs will be given, including "Azyade," "Coppelia" and "Giselle." Selections will be made from the following numbers:

Russian National Dances (Tchaikowski, Dargomizski, Rubinstein), Bohemian Dances (South Russian Folk Music), (Dargomizski), Polish Dances (Glinka, Glazounow), The Swan (from "Carnival des Animaux") (Saint-Saens), Valse (Pas de Trois) (Ahrens), Pas de Deux Venetien (Drigo), Valde de la Nuit Egyptienne (Arensky), Mazourka, Ballade, Variations et Finale (from "Coppelia") (Relibes). Ballets: Giselle, in two acts, poem by Theophile Gautier, music by Adolphe Adam, revived and rearranged by Mikhal Mordkin. The Arabian Nights, in one act, composed by Mikhal Mordkin, music by Arensky, Belichman, Bourgault, Ducondray, Chalmade, Glazounow, Rimski-Korsavok and Rubinstein.

When Jules Eckert Goodman's play, "The Test," was given its first presentation on any stage, at the hands of Lewis S. Stone and the Blackwood company, two years ago, it was greeted as a strong and well-written play, which verdict was verified when Blanche Walsh presented it in all the important eastern cities. "The Test" will be played at the Belasco with Mr. Stone in his original role of Richard Tretman, and with Eleanor Gordon as Emma Eltyng. Emma is the principal character of the play. Ten years before the opening the drama she has loved Richard Tretman, who had stolen from his employer, Frederick McVane, to provide for her. He is discovered and Emma agrees to sacrifice herself if her lover is given his freedom. McVane promises, but fails to keep his word, and Tretman goes to prison. Afterward, Arthur Thone, a novelist, goes down into the slums and exerts such an influence for good upon Emma that she learns to love him. Then Tretman returns from prison, Thone learns the facts in the case, but his love does not fail. "The Test" will introduce to the Belasco patrons Viola Barry, a beautiful young actress, who will assume the ingenue roles in this organization.

William Faversham will present "The World and His Wife" at the Majestic next week. Mr. Faversham will have as his leading woman Miss Julie Opp, who in private life is Mrs. Faversham. He has won great success in his present vehicle throughout his tour. The play is an adaptation of Jose Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto," and is the work of Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. It has been stated that this play had been hawked about the managers' offices in New York before finding its way into Mr. Faversham's hands. The truth of the matter is that four years ago a copy of James Huneker's review of the German version of Echegaray's drama fell into Mr. Faversham's hand, while he was in England. On his return to America, Mr. Faversham hunted up Mr. Huneker with a request that he write the play. The task was turned over to Mr. Nirdlinger, and this great Faversham success was the result.

For the sake of variety the Burbank stock company will present next week the western drama, "Texas." This is a story of thrilling adventure in the Lone Star state. The characters are many and typical. There is the intrepid cowboy, with his finger on the trigger and ready at a moment's notice for fight or frolic. There is an English lord, a girl from New York, and the virile men of the plains. The entire strength of the Burbank company will appear in "Texas." Miss Grace Travers, who has been on the sick list for several weeks, will return to her accustomed place, and there will be excellent roles for everyone.

At the Orpheum the week beginning with the matinee November 28, the "all star cast" makes its first invasion into local vaudeville. In "The White Slave" will be seen Lionel Barrymore, McKee Rankin and Doris Rankin—all three of whom have been starred at the head of their own companies. It is said that the act in itself justifies this cast. It is a strong portrayal of certain conditions that exist in a modern city—not a nice story, but one necessary of exploitation that the insidiousness of its subject may be seen and stamped out. Another stellar act, though in opposite vein, is "The Old Soldier Fiddlers." There are four of them, two in blue and two in gray, who "fit" through the Civil War, and who are fiddling the old-time war tunes. These old "vets" do not pretend to be violinists—they are simply fiddlers. Frank Morrell, the minstrel, is known as "The California Boy," as he is a

native son. He has a large fund of ballads, jokes and sayings which are said to be "down to the minute." The Gus Onlaw Trio, the fourth new act, has a startling feature in the "stunt" of Mademoiselle Fif, who walks a wire held in the teeth of the two men. Remaining over are Augusta Glose, Willard Simms & Co., Thurber & Madison, and Spissell Brothers & Company.

For the coming week the Levy program introduces a novelty in chantant work—the great Polk, banjoist, known as the banjo king. Tracy Bronson, singing and dancing comedian, the George Cohan of the west, is another well-known favorite on the Levy program. The Cosmopolitan Trio in grand opera selections, Sicilian and Spanish numbers, present solo, duet and trio numbers. The South American Mirimba Band has already found many admirers among the Levy following. Their repertoire is an extensive one, and exceedingly popular. The hours of the Chantant have been changed, the afternoon events from 3:30 to 5:30, except Sunday; the dinner concert at 6:30 and after-theater events from 10:30 to 12:30.

With Rice & Provost of "Bumpy Bumps" fame, the renowned Carl Pantzer Trio, La Belle Meeker, and the well-known comedian, Nat Leffingwell and his company, together with four other acts of first quality, Sullivan & Conditine will offer one of their biggest and best variety shows at the Los Angeles next week. It is a toss-up between Rice & Provost and the Carl Pantzer Trio for first place. Rice is a clown who is a great acrobat and whose falls are hilariously funny, while Provost's ground tumbling is remarkable. Carl Pantzer, one of the famous Pantzer Brothers, is also a grotesque comedian. His wife, who is one of the trio, adds an unusual touch to the act with her piano playing. La Belle Meeker is known as the "Physical Culture Maids," and her work on the flying rings is clean cut and artistic. Nat Leffingwell & Company will be seen in a funny sketch, "A Night at the Lodge." Others on the new bill are John and Bertha Gleeson and Fred Hamilton, featuring Bertha Gleeson as the champion woman dancer of America; Harry Bloom, whose ragtime melodies should prove entertaining, and Bea Verera, the Italian nightingale. Exclusive of these acts will be the amusing films of motion pictures.

Ferris Hartman and his excellent company will this week give Los Angeles an opportunity to see that funny starring vehicle employed by Frank Daniels, "The Office Boy," which will begin a week's run at the Grand, Sunday afternoon. In "The Office Boy" Ferris Hartman has a capital opportunity for funmaking. As Noah Little, he won great success in last season's production of this play at the Grand. The principals of the company will also be given changes to display their individual talents, as Myrtle Dingwall, Walter De Leon, Muggins Davies, Josie Hart, Oliver Lenoir, Robert Leonard, Maria Golden and, in fact, every one of the Hartman favorites will be seen in the cast. "The Office Boy" will be given for one week only, and will be followed by Sam Bernard's famous success, "Nearly a Hero," a musical play entirely new to Los Angeles audiences.

Asides

Many will be the matinee maidens who will flock to the Goldberg-Bosely assembly rooms the coming Thursday, when the Players' Country Club and the Theatrical Treasurers' Association will give their third annual professional ball. This event has proved a great success in the past, and this year it is promised will be more brilliant than ever. Dancing begins at 9 o'clock and continues until 3. At 12 o'clock a reception will be held by the players, giving the guests an opportunity to meet the footlight favorites. The grand march will take place at 12:30, and will be led by Mr. Lewis S. Stone and Miss Marjorie Rambeau. David Hartford, William Stoermer, David Landau, George M. Clayton, George E. Baudrand, Dick Ferris and Lewis Stone are managing the affair. Other thespians who will be present are Byron Beasley, Eleanor Gordon, Florence Stone, Adele Farrington, Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham, Florence Oakley, Harry Andrews, Helene Sullivan, Harmon MacGregor, Charles Ruggles, Ethel von Waldron, Margaret Langham, Peter Lang, Emma Lowry, Fred Gilbert, Jessie Norman, Gavin Young, Ida Lewis, Howard Scott, Louise Royce, Charles Giblyn, Florence Oberle, Richard Vivian, Fanchon Everhart, George Fields, Percy Bronson, Willis Marks, Harry Duffield and a number of visiting actors and actresses.

Foremost among the noteworthy events of the present theatrical season will be the presentation of Miss Blanche Walsh's production, "The Other Woman," which will be seen at the Mason Opera House, after a week of darkness.

Emilio de Gorgoza, the baritone, will be the second event of the second series of the Philharmonic course, and will appear at Simpson Auditorium, Tuesday, December 6.

THE CENSUS

Tabulated by the

Los Angeles Investment Company,
333-335-337 South Hill Street

Have We Kept Pace With Los Angeles? A STARTLING EXHIBITION OF GROWTH

| | November, 1900. | November, 1910. | Gain Per Cent. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Capital and Surplus..... | \$4,297.38 | \$4,599,195.82 | 107,000 |
| Number of Stockholders..... | 40 | 5,728 | 14,220 |
| Market Value of Land Holdings... | \$1,461.71 | \$2,093,325.00 | 137,500 |
| Total Dividend for Quarter..... | \$ 83.45 | \$ 133,101.64 | 160,000 |
| \$100 Invested in This Company | | | |
| Worth..... | \$ 100.00 | \$ 2,867.30 | 2,767 |

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Corporations' Left-Over Legacies

In accounting for the reasons for prejudice against public service corporations, often without justification, General Agent S. M. Kennedy of the Southern California Edison Company has traced the origin of this antipathy back to the days when the brains and ability of a big company were centered in its engineers and operators, to the exclusion of attention to the public's wants. This is not the policy now. To the contrary, notes Mr. Kennedy, "the presidents and directors of public utility companies are very much on the alert, and anxious to secure men who are able to meet and deal with customers in a manner that will give the latter entire satisfaction and reflect credit on the company. It has been said that the commercial engineer who can develop the business, and please the public, is much harder to obtain than the engineer who can run a plant or lay out a distributing system."

Showing that the public mind long cherishes resentment that not always is well founded, Mr. Kennedy recalls the oft-quoted utterance of the president of a great railroad corporation, whose brusque and ill-advised speech placed a stigma on public utility corporations, which seems to injure their standing in the public mind as much today as it did a quarter of a century ago, when the crime was committed. He was a gruff man, with a big head, cold looking eyes and a frowning face, devoid of one trace of magnetism, but a conspicuous figure in the financial world. Mr. Kennedy says he does not recollect the circumstances surrounding the unfortunate language he used or whether or not he had any justification for employing the words, but he is credited with testily exclaiming: "O, the public be damned!" when asked by a reporter if he had anything to say regarding certain railroad matters then under discussion, in which the public was deeply concerned.

It may interest Mr. Kennedy to know that the reporter, who had this curt expression directly from the lips of Mr. Vanderbilt, long since deceased, was attached to the staff of the Chicago Inter Ocean. He was a cub reporter at the time and in the absence of more experienced men was rushed out to catch the railroad president before he could get away from Chicago to New York in his private car, hoping to escape observation. The young man—his picture hangs in the office of The Graphic, he has been dead many years—timidly boarded the magnate's car at the Michigan Central tracks. A porter responded to his knock and told him Mr. Vanderbilt would see nobody. The earnest youth insisted, his future was at stake. The Cerberus was obdurate, but so was the reporter, and the colloquy waxing warm, Vanderbilt appeared for a moment to demand what was wanted. The query was put to him: "What do you propose doing for the public?" mentioning the case at

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

04227. Not Coal Lands.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
October 31, 1910.
Notice is hereby given that James Middlemas, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on May 11, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11744, Serial No. 04227, for SE 1-4 NW 1-4, Section 27, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S.B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 16th day of December, 1910.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Newell, of 215 W. 1st st., Los Angeles, Cal.; Charles Haskell, Mrs. Charles Haskell, both of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Nellie Wickersham, of 179 N. Grand ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication Nov. 5, 1910.

issue. "Damn the public!" or words to that effect issued from the lips of the railroad president as he slammed the door in the reporter's face.

But he had damned corporations instead, and although the true incident occurred twenty-five years ago, the evil that was done by this ill-considered remark has lived to fret corporations of all kinds ever since. It is a legacy, among others, of wrongs committed by the predecessors of corporations that today are striving as never before to satisfy the general public. Regarding the necessity of selecting an employee specially adapted to the position he holds, Mr. Kennedy makes the point:

"At your plant you use great care in the construction of your machinery. You would not think of putting a half-inch rivet into a one-inch hole and expect it to work satisfactorily. You would not permit a rough surface to remain on a valve which you must handle constantly. Well, keep your eye on your office and use the same amount of sense. Don't expect an inexperienced boy to handle your complaints satisfactorily. Get more mature men. They will handle the public better and the public likes to talk to them. Look out for the men with the rough surfaces; the men who prefer to argue and not explain. They may win many arguments, but they lose many friends for your company."



Stocks & Bonds



With plenty of buying power absorbing everything offered upon a falling market, conditions on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange have been anything but healthy this week. While there may be no price movement until after January 1, the underlying conditions are the soundest with the sole exception of the revolution in Mexico, which has been in the van of the downward movement since the last report. Mexican Common, the big Doheny leader, which bulged out four points when placed on a dividend basis a week ago, has fallen below 35, from 40, its recent highest mark, and at this writing it looks as if the bottom had not yet been reached. Of course Mexican Preferred has marked time on the toboggan, alongside. Even so, both securities should be a purchase, unless, of course, the common dividend should turn out to have a string attached to it, the result of the present political troubles south of the Rio Grande, which, however, is hardly probable.

Union and the other Stewarts have been hovering on the brink of par, which figure is pretty certain to be reached at an early day, unless there is more oxygen forthcoming at the hands of those who have the patient in charge.

Associated, for no particular reason so far as the market is aware, took on a rather unexpected spurt this week, with a fairly respectable-sized short interest developing in the stock. It is declared from an inside source that, for the present, at least, dividends in the shares are not probable, which is taken in Exchange Alley to mean that the long-deferred day is as far off as ever.

Central has been given a stiff blow of late, with the stock being headed for about 175, unless inside support is forthcoming to stop the downhill pull. California Midway and Consolidated also have been led to the slaughter. In fact, the bargain counter is working overtime, with the public taking everything that looks good at all psychological moments. Consolidated cleaned house this week by throwing overboard a lot of deadwood in its directorate, and just at the time when the market stood ready to celebrate by lifting the price of the shares several points, one of those who had been rejected as manager of the property threw a small matter of about a hundred thousand shares of his stock into the pit of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, smashing the price in forty-eight hours about five points. The shares should be acquired at ruling quotations, since those now in control will be forced, in order to save their business reputations in the community, to make good.

Bonds are not in demand, although there are times when the water and traction issues are wanted by investors in homeopathic doses.

Southern Trust, in the bank stocks, is provoking inquiry, with none of the others in this list showing activity.

In the mining call there is nothing doing, with the future still unpromising, so far as this class of securities is concerned.

Four seats on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange have been sold recently at prices ranging from \$2,400 to \$2,500.

Banks and Banking

Whether or not the country is to get a scientific currency system is dubious. Much depends on the character of the bill reported by the currency commission. The Chicago Record-Herald says it is known that J. P. Morgan, James Stillman, chairman and dominating influence in the National City Bank of New York, and many other New York financiers do not want a central bank. In fact, they are bitterly opposed to it for the selfish reason, among others, that it might tend to minimize the banking influence of

New York and that little community known as Wall street. But this great growing country requires a more scientific and elastic currency system, and it is bound to get it. It may take time, but it is coming the moment the great rank and file of business men see what is causing these frequent disturbances and is throwing business into a depression every time the stock market element overspeculates and prices break. There probably will be panics so long as the world exists, but that these can be made less frequent and their effects minimized by a scientific banking and currency system have been clearly demonstrated abroad. It is up to the monetary commission to recommend a modified central bank or other efficient system that will protect general business, protect the banks and minimize the baneful influence of panic and at the same time tend to eliminate weak and bad banks.

New York city banks have not been liquidating their stock and bond holdings in the last two months, judging by their returns in response to the call for condition of the comptroller of the currency, as of November 10. In fact, the aggregate for the seven largest banks in the city shows a small increase, but four of the institutions report decreases. The largest decrease is shown by the National City, which amounts to \$2,000,000 since the last call, September 1. This is more than offset, however by the increase in security holdings reported by the First National. The changes in the other five banks are insignificant. Compared with the corresponding call of a year ago, November 16, 1909, a decrease is shown amounting to \$15,810,526. The National City reports a decrease in that period in excess of \$9,500,000, and the First National of more than \$10,500,000. The National Bank of Commerce and the Chase National Bank both reported increases over the holdings of a year ago of about \$5,000,000 each.

As a result of a still further contraction of loans, the New York associated banks last Saturday reported a surplus in excess of requirements of \$19,702,000, an increase of \$7,176,000. According to the statement of averages, loans were contracted \$11,802,000, while the gain in cash was \$9,052,000, hence the loss of deposits was only \$2,716,000. The actual showed a loan contraction of only \$6,530,000, but owing to a \$9,033,000 increase in cash and the \$7,568,000 increase in deposits, there was a gain in surplus of \$7,142,000. But it was in the non-member banks and state institutions that the heaviest loan contraction was reflected, the decrease being \$18,786,000, while the loss of cash was \$1,591,000. The total deposits of these banks increased \$19,567,000.

An increase was shown last week in clearings of the Chicago banks as compared with business for the same week of last year. With a total of clearings for the week of \$278,299,356, the advance over the corresponding period of 1909 was \$5,718,792. Balances in the same time advanced \$318,412 over last year.

Ehrman Grigsby has disposed of his interests in the Merchants National Bank of Santa Monica, and will be succeeded as cashier by C. D. Francis of Spokane. Messrs. C. P. Thomas, J. A. Balsley, R. D. Beckon and C. D. Francis have purchased Mr. Grigsby's stock.

By a decision of the supreme court the Los Angeles Trust Company is authorized to change its name to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank. The application was contested by the Los Angeles Savings Bank.

With a capital of \$25,000, the Moneta Commercial and Savings Bank has been incorporated. The directors include C. B. Casler, Thomas Biggart, B. T. Hayden, H. J. Harris and J. T. Dunn.

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each of the thirty-nine Chicago state banks under date of November 10, reach the comfortable figures of \$182,170,877, as compared with \$178,437,475 of September 2, a gain of \$3,733,402 in a little more than two months.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Goldfield Consolidated closed its fiscal year October 31 with a gross output of \$10,850,000 of gold, which makes it the largest single producer of gold in the world. Its dividends of \$7,111,696 were also the largest of any gold mining company. Net earnings amounted to \$7,396,611, or \$287,915 in excess of dividends. The company closed the year with about \$1,400,000 cash in the treasury, in addition to which there were probably bullion and concentrates in transit of sufficient value to make the cash resources very close to \$2,000,000.

Notice has been given by the interstate commerce commission that a hearing on the subject of telephone and telegraph corporation control will be held at the offices of the commission in Washington, December 7. The subjects to be discussed are what companies come under the jurisdiction of the commission, the extent of free business allowable under the law, filing of rates with the commission and rebating.

Vernon city has voted bonds in the sum of \$100,000 for highway purposes. This will provide for the completion of a well-paved roadway to Long Beach from the business district of Los Angeles as the route will be on Santa Fe avenue within the city limits of Vernon and will connect with Santa Fe avenue in Huntington Park at the south line of which connection will be made with the county road.

Another school bond election for Los Angeles is necessitated to provide for the educational needs of the city, and to this end a \$1,250,000 bond issue is being agitated at present by the board of education. This amount, it is stated, is needed at once to meet the extraordinary increase in enrollment that is sure to be made in the coming two years.

Los Angeles supervisors will receive sealed bids up to 2 p.m. December 5 for the purchase of bonds of the Huntington Park union high school district in the sum of \$15,000. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount of bonds.

Ventura supervisors will receive sealed bids up to December 9 for the purchase of bonds of the Ventura union high school district in the sum of \$75,000. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. Certified check must be for 10 per cent of the amount bid.

Plans have been adopted by the school board of East Whittier for a \$15,000 school building to be erected on the site of the structure which was burned last September. It is proposed to issue bonds to cover the cost of the improvement.

Members of the Los Angeles city council, by a vote of 5 to 4, refused to approve the modified aqueduct contract with the bond buyers, which was recommended two weeks ago by the finance and special advisory committee.

Trustees of Covina will call an election for November 29 to vote bonds in the sum of \$70,000 for a sewer system and \$3,500 for a fire hall and jail.

Hotel Alexandria

Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

03092. Not Coal Lands.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
October 31, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Samuel Cripe, of The Palms, Cal., who, on May 19, 1904, made Homestead Entry No. 10559, Serial No. 03092, for Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Section 20, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S.B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 14th day of December, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: James S. Cripe, of Suma Canyon, Cal.; C. C. Frederekson, Henry Cripe, Austin Johnson, all of The Palms, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication Nov. 2, 1910.